the weekly Standard

JULY 23, 2007 $3.95

1688 AND ALL THAT
GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB ON MICHAEL BARONE

CHENEY SPEAKS

- on Bill Clinton's pardons
- on 9/11—as seen from the White House bunker
- on mistakes in Iraq, and more!

Advance excerpts from Stephen F. Hayes's new biography

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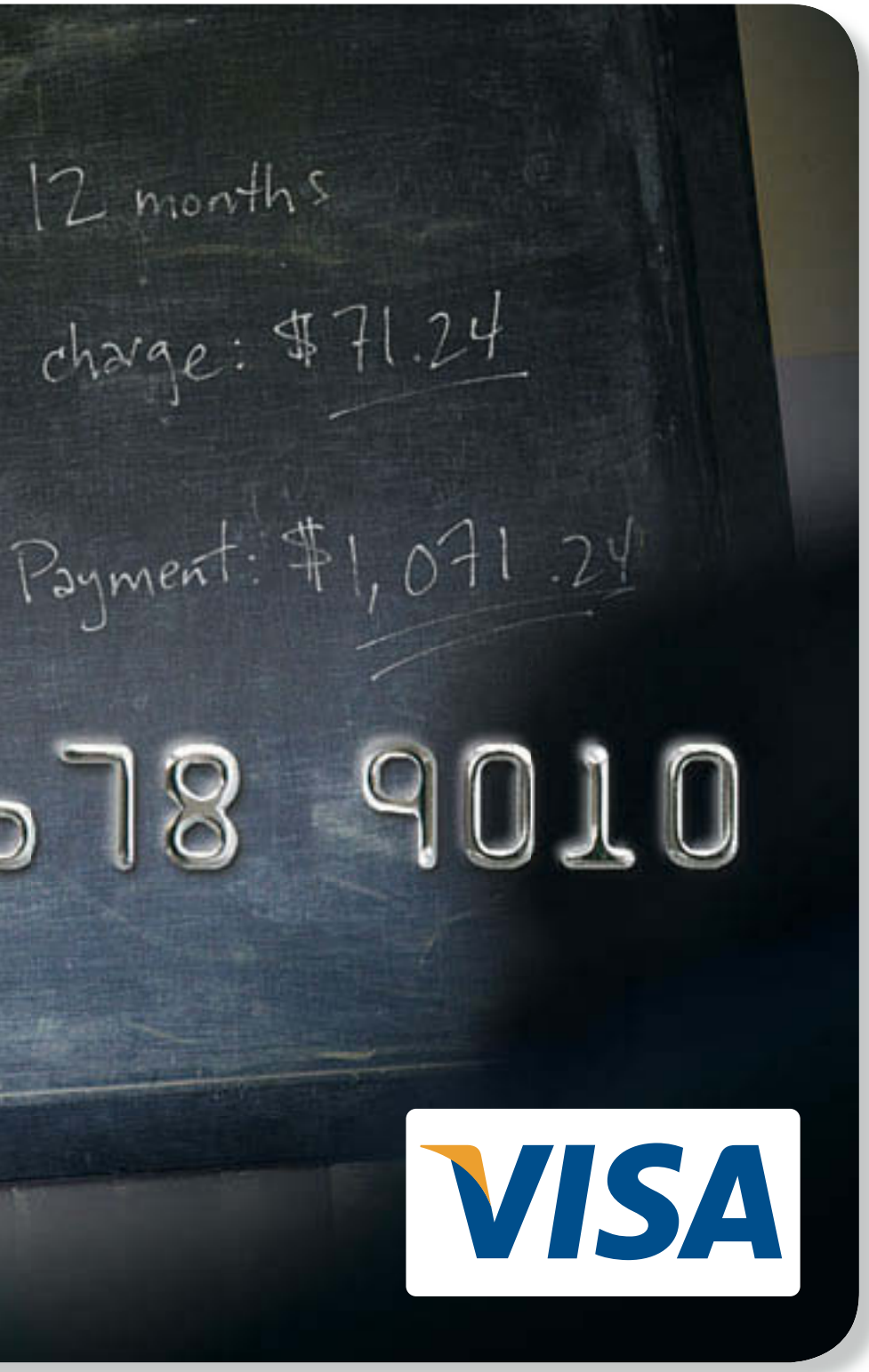

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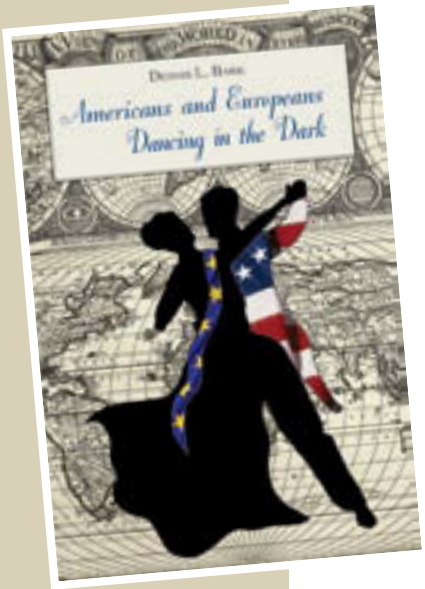

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He explains how this has shaped our historical views of the world as well as our modern interests and attitudes. If our relationship is to be saved, he asserts, we must learn what our essential differences teach us about ourselves and draw on our shared affinities to make us both stronger.

Dennis L. Bark, a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution, is a historian and political scientist in the field of European studies.

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A General We're Not Going to Salute

The surgeon general, despite the fancy title and the uniform that makes him look like the drum major for a Paraguayan military marching band, is not in fact a terribly powerful federal official—and hasn't been for more than half a century. He serves at the pleasure of the president as a spokesman of the Public Health Service. For its part, the Public Health Service is under the direct supervision of the assistant secretary for health, a high-ranking functionary in the Department of Health and Human Services, to whom the surgeon general reports.

But for the curious bureaucratic genealogy, the position would more accurately be described as deputy to the assistant secretary of health for communications. And were it so labeled, Richard Carmona, the Bush appointee who held the position from 2002-2006, would not have made the headlines he did last week, slagging his former colleagues in the Bush administration before the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform—aka California Democrat Henry Waxman's star chamber.

"The reality," whined Carmona, "is that the nation's doctor has been marginalized and relegated to a position with no independent budget, and with supervisors who are political appointees with partisan agendas." As the AP summarized: "Carmona said he believed the surgeon general should show leadership on health issues. But his speeches were edited by political appointees, and he was told not to talk about certain issues. For example, he supported comprehensive sex education that would include abstinence in the curriculum, rather than focusing solely on abstinence."

Well, bully for him. But "the reality" is that he was only the "nation's doctor" metaphorically speaking—the paychecks he cashed were cut by the administration that hired him. Waxman, obviously pleased with his witness, complained that "political interference with the work of the surgeon general appears to have reached a new level in this administration."

Oh, the scandal! The administration has high-ranking political appointees supervising the work of less-high-ranking political appointees, ensuring that, as representatives of the president, they further the policies of the president. What Waxman calls "political interference" is the normal carrying out by the executive branch of the policies of the duly elected chief executive.

Carmona's real beef seems to be that he ended up in an administration whose views he disagreed with—he presumably would have been happier serving under a President Henry Waxman.

As *National Review*'s Ramesh Ponnuru pointed out last week, "Carmona's own view of the proper role of a surgeon general suggests that he was in serious need of muzzling." Indeed, Carmona's agenda was 99 and 44/100 percent pure Globaloney:

> Recognize and plan for the fact that tomorrow's best hope to achieve millennium goals, extinguish asymmetries, eradicate social injustices, and make the world [a] healthier, safer and more secure place may be the newer, softer force projection of health diplomacy via prospective ongoing sustainable missions globally.

Concludes Ponnuru: "The Bush administration emerges from the Carmona story looking bad, all right—for having appointed this guy in the first place." ♦

The Very Model of a Pre-9/11 Pol

Give credit to Democratic Rep. Jerrold Nadler of New York. Sometimes referred to as the Congressman from Ground Zero (his district includes lower Manhattan), Nadler is an honest lawyer, not afraid to follow his civil libertarian premises to their proper, if somewhat alarming, conclusion.

At a June 26 hearing of the House Judiciary Committee, former associate White House counsel Brad Berenson was defending the position of the Bush administration that (a) we are engaged in a war with al Qaeda, not a police investigation of an international criminal conspiracy, and therefore (b) there are al Qaeda members who do not enjoy the habeas corpus rights of citizens and who may be detained as enemy combatants without criminal charges being filed.

Nadler argued that a suspected enemy combatant can't be treated any different than a criminal. Berenson cut to the chase: That "means if we had captured Mohamed Atta on September 10th, we would have had no choice but to treat him as a criminal defendant, which would have—"

Nadler jumped in: "That's exactly right."

Berenson continued: "—no interrogation, no intelligence, and the World Trade coming down—"

Nadler: "That's exactly right. And if we can—when we captured mass murderers in the United States, we did the same. We captured Charles Manson or other mass murderers."

So much for preempting terrorist attacks. ♦

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(Classic Steiner, reprinted from our issue of July 28, 1997)

Keith Ellison, D-Nutball

Democratic congressman Keith Ellison of Minneapolis is commonly described as the first Muslim in Congress. He is also (as Scott Johnson tirelessly reported at *Powerline.com* and in these pages) the first acolyte of the Nation of Islam's Louis Farrakhan in Congress, and his taste for extremist conspiracy-mongering has not abated since his election to the U.S. House of Representatives.

As reported in the Minneapolis *Star-Tribune*, Ellison addressed an enthusiastic group of supporters, Atheists for Human Rights, on July 8, giving credence to the left-wing paranoiacs who blame 9/11 on the Bush administration and compare Bush to Hitler.

The destruction of the World Trade Center is "almost like the Reichstag fire, kind of reminds me of that," said Ellison. "After the Reichstag was burned, they blamed the Communists for it, and it put the leader of that country [Hitler] in a position where he could basically have authority to do whatever he wanted. The fact is that I'm not saying [Sept. 11] was a [U.S.] plan, or anything like that because, you know, that's how they put you in the nutball box—dismiss you."

Sorry, Congressman, that rhetorical get-out-of-jail-free card you flourish there won't trump the insinuations preceding it. Anyone reminded of the Reichstag fire by 9/11 has already put himself in the nutball box. ♦

Little Shop of Horrors II

The Scrapbook, busy working through a pile of newspapers that stacked up during our summer vacation, just came across the latest entry in the parade of horribles that await us in our brave new globally warmed world: super poison ivy.

"Climate Changes Are Making Poison Ivy More Potent," reports the *Wall Street Journal* of June 26. Actually, the headline jumps the gun. This change hasn't actually been observed in nature. But when grown in the laboratory, poison ivy plants treated to higher concentrations of carbon dioxide—the plant-friendly gas whose presence in the atmosphere is increasing—get lusher and more poisonous.

Left out of the flurry of initial reporting on the new study was the common sense point that higher carbon dioxide levels are to all plants like catnip to cats. Full credit to the *Chicago Tribune*'s John Kass, who elicited that elementary bit of context from USDA plant physiologist Lewis Ziska: "Carbon dioxide can make wheat and soybean and rice grow—that's the positive side," he told Kass.

Our advice to aspiring alarmists: Poison ivy just ain't scary enough. Put some Venus Flytraps under your grow-light, pump in higher concentrations of CO_2, and see if they'll devour small pets. That would get you some headlines. ♦

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Casual

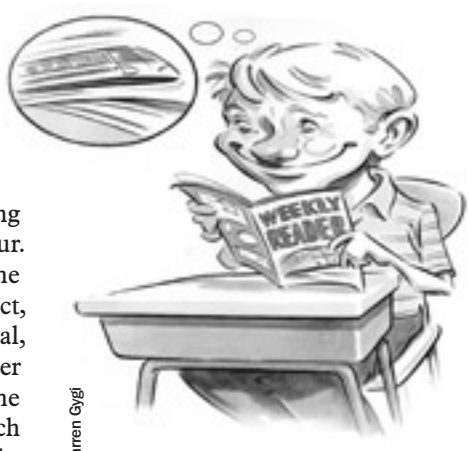
Refugee from Tomorrowland

Of all the betrayals of childhood, one that still stings came at the hands of the *Weekly Reader*. Every six weeks or so the teachers at my progressive little Quaker school would distribute copies of the *Reader*, and we would seize on it as an alternative to school work. The *Reader* was a short magazine printed in color on newsprint, and nearly every issue led with a story about an amazing technological development just about to burst forth.

Over the years, the *Reader* told of many wonders. Superconductors were going to change rail travel so that soon trains would be hovering above the ground, zooming along at hundreds of miles an hour. The ocean's kelp farms were on the verge of ending world hunger. In fact, the kelp industry would be so vital, the *Reader* reported, that underwater cities would spring up to house the workers, complete with hotels which lucky, landlubbing children might visit. Memory fails, but I'm pretty sure that in this innovation, as in many others, the United Nations was to play a sizable role. I suspect the prominence of the United Nations in the *Reader*'s pages was part of what made it acceptable to my teachers. Then as now, Turtle Bay was revered by the Society of Friends on theological grounds, though the *Reader* sold the U.N. to its grade-school audience as yet another bit of whiz-bang futurism.

Few of the *Reader*'s promises were delivered, of course, and modern futurism generally proved a flop. From Walt Disney's stillborn "Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow"—*gasp!*—to the predicted miracle economics of the new millennium—"By 2000, the machines will be producing so much that everyone in the U.S. will, in effect, be independently wealthy," predicted *Time* in 1966—the future isn't what it used to be.

But at least I'm not alone in my disappointment. I discovered a soulmate reading Daniel Wilson's *Where's My Jetpack?* Wilson, who has a Ph.D. in robotics, inspects the wreckage of futurism, from cryogenic freezing to the space elevator to moon colonies, and explains how the dreams began and why they petered out. In nearly every case, the problem was not inadequate technology but lack of will.



Darren Gygi

As if that weren't dispiriting enough, my friend Phillip Longman tells me that progress is actually slowing down. Between 1910 and 1960, indoor plumbing, electricity, and automobiles became common. Jet airplanes were invented, and a space program was begun that in a few short years would put a man on the moon. Nuclear power, plastics, lasers, and computers—the stuff of science fiction in 1910—all had been developed by 1960.

But from 1960 to 2007, little changed. With the exception of the Internet, on which the jury is still out, most of the advances of the last 50 years are merely improvements on existing technology. Previous generations conquered disease, went into space, and split the atom. We came up with the iPhone.

Actually, it's worse than that: In some areas, the opposite of the futurists' predictions has come true. Where once they dreamed of advanced food pills, we're shopping for heirloom tomatoes at farmers' markets. The space program went from nonexistence to the moon in 11 years, but today the best we can do is orbit the earth the way the Gemini astronauts did in 1965. Should we ever decide to go back to the moon, I doubt we could do it in less than 11 years.

It gets worse. In 1938, you could travel from New York to Chicago by train in 16 hours. Today on Amtrak the trip takes 21 hours. In the 1930s, Americans rerouted the Colorado River and built the Hoover Dam in 5 years. Boston's Big Dig—which rerouted 3.5 miles of highway—labored to official completion in 2006 after 15 years. The 1,472-foot Empire State Building was built in 410 days in the Depression. Construction of Philadelphia's tallest skyscraper, the 975-foot Comcast Center, began in January 2005 and isn't scheduled to be finished until this coming fall.

If the *Weekly Reader* had told me that in the future it would take more time and effort to do less work, I wouldn't have believed it. In that sense, I suppose, the future has surprised me.

As I've gotten older, though, I've become a sort of antifuturist, believing that the future will be basically like the past, only louder and slightly less pleasant. I'm no longer impressed by the notion of a bright-and-shiny, incredible tomorrow, or even very interested. I read the other day that a company called Hydroplois is trying to build undersea luxury hotels in Dubai and China. For some reason they haven't been able to begin construction yet. I don't know what the problem is, but maybe the U.N. can help.

Jonathan V. Last

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Fight for Reading First

Charlotte Allen's "Read It and Weep" (July 16) hit the nail on the head. For once a journalist did her homework and described accurately and cogently Bush's Reading First initiative. Reid Lyon and I were tasked to develop legislation that would reflect President Bush's determination to change the paradigm of how reading is taught in the United States. As Texas governor, Bush learned from Lyon that if the findings of science were applied to reading instruction it could make the difference between success and failure for generations of children in our public schools. No Child Left Behind became law with bipartisan support on January 8, 2002. Reading First was a signature part of that law and was carefully guided through the legislative process by Margaret Spellings, then an assistant to the president for domestic policy and now secretary of education.

When the inspector general's reports on Reading First were released over a period of several months beginning in September 2006, the new Democratic leadership had a political club to beat up the Bush administration. Although neither the inspector general nor the Justice Department has ever issued any charges, Senate and House Education Committee chairmen Ted Kennedy and George Miller were not deterred from using the report to gain what they saw as a political advantage. Both of these leaders had worked closely with then-House Education Committee chairman John Boehner and Senate education chairman Judd Gregg during the writing of the Reading First law.

As Allen notes, Reading First has been a smashing success. The Office of Management and Budget has given it a thumbs up, noting that it is the only program in the Education Department to be designated "effective." Thousands of teachers have now become advocates of Reading First because they see their students reading.

As it stands now, both the House and Senate appropriations bills are recommending that for 2008 this "dazzlingly successful program" will be cut from $1.1 billion to $400 million. Rather than cut the program, Congress should consider expanding it. Hearings should be held that would call in Reading First state directors from the top tier of successful state programs and let them tell Congress what a powerful tool Reading First has become in reversing the tide of illiteracy in America. There are scores of stories just like the one Allen described in Richmond, Va.

We weep to think of the thousands of disadvantaged children, exactly those children Ted Kennedy and George Miller claim to care about, who will now lose their chance to realize their full potential if this law is gutted. Reading First should receive bipartisan support, even more than when it became law in 2002. And Secretary Spellings should fight for the president's signature program now just as she did to create it.

Robert W. Sweet Jr.
Strasburg, Va.

Charlotte Allen states that "Voyager was developed by Reid Lyon, a friend of Bush from Dallas who was chairman of child development and behavior for the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHD) from 1991 to 2005; Lyon subsequently sold the program to ProQuest, an educational company based in Ann Arbor." Unfortunately she has her facts wrong. I never had any professional interactions with Voyager staff nor did I have any financial interest in the Voyager program. Voyager was developed by Randy Best. Likewise, I never had any financial interest in any reading program during my tenure as the chief of the child development and behavior branch at the NICHD, and this practice continues today.

Reid Lyon
Dallas, Texas

Charlotte Allen responds: Reid Lyon has never had any financial connection with Voyager. The Voyager program was founded by Randy Best in 1994 and sold to ProQuest in 2005. That same year Lyon became an executive vice president of the American College of Education, a for-profit education school founded by Best. I regret the error.

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IT'S 2007, NOT 1977

Don't let Congress bring back failed energy tax policies from the 1970s

The 1970s was a bad decade for fashion, hairstyles and, especially, energy policy.

The '70s brought Americans gasoline price controls, energy taxes and similar policies that led to gasoline shortages, long lines at the pump and double-digit inflation.

So it's puzzling why some in Congress want to bring back 1970s energy policies. They're pushing the same kind of legislation that was so disastrous 30 years ago: new taxes that will restrict energy research, exploration and development – even a blast-from-the-past "windfall profits" tax.

These misguided policy relics will reduce access to energy supplies here at home – all at a time when Americans need more energy, not less. It's time for Congress to focus on securing America's energy future, not bringing back America's energy past.

Tell Congress: It's 2007, not 1977.

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the weekly Standard

Keep on Surgin'

I don't think Congress ought to be running the war. I think they ought to be funding the troops.

—*George W. Bush, press conference, July 12, 2007*

President Bush is absolutely right. But in a way his admonition to Congress at his press conference last week was unfair. He's correct that Congress can't run a war. But this Congress doesn't want to run a war. It wants to lose a war. Congress can, in principle, achieve this, and the Democrats who control this Congress are doing their best to bring it about.

In the process, congressional Democrats are also doing a good job of re-McGovernizing their party. Last week, 95 percent of Democrats in the House voted in favor of legislation requiring that the United States withdraw most combat troops from Iraq by April 1, 2008. The notion that their party is serious about any policy alternative other than getting out and giving up is becoming unsustainable. It may be, though, that calling this the re-McGovernization of that party is unfair to George McGovern—especially as his friends assembled in Washington this weekend to celebrate his 85th birthday. It is worth noting, after all, that Vietnam wasn't nearly as central to U.S. security interests as Iraq—and that McGovern had a coherent, if mistaken, world view that guided his actions in a principled way. So it would be unjust to George McGovern to call these Democrats McGovernites. We'll just call them Defeatists, who are willing to ensure a U.S. defeat for the sake of destroying the Bush administration.

The Defeatist Democrats have lots of support from the mainstream media, most of whom have simply given up on reporting the war or analyzing arguments about the war. Actually, the newsmen who know something, like John F. Burns and Michael R. Gordon of the *New York Times*, have produced some terrific reporting. But run-of-the-mill foreign policy and White House reporters have little interest in what is actually happening in Iraq, or in a real consideration of the likely outcomes of different policy options. They're not even reporting what's happening in Washington. They're simply committed to discrediting the war and humiliating the Bush administration.

As for the foreign policy establishment and its fellow travelers in the punditocracy, one might have thought they could be serious about this war—actually analyzing events, engaging in a grown-up debate about the real-world consequences of different courses of action, keeping calm amid the political posturing. Many in the Bush administration who care for their standing in the establishment's eyes have spent an awful lot of time cultivating these masters of nuance and complexity. All for naught. The establishment, like the media and the Democrats, wants to discredit and humiliate an administration that too often (though not often enough!) dared to think for itself, and to act without their permission. They're out to destroy Bush, his ideas, and his supporters, no matter the consequences for the country.

Over the last few weeks, all of these estimable entities—the Democratic party in Congress, much of the media, and the foreign policy establishment—have joined together to try to panic the country, and the Bush administration, into giving up. The story of the past week—an important week—is this: They failed. Many around Bush wobbled. But Bush stood firm. Most Republicans on the Hill stood firm. And, so far as one can tell, the country as a whole pulled back a bit from the irresponsibility of cutting and running.

Now, the assumption in the media, and among most in the political world, remains that the Defeatists have the momentum, that Bush is fighting a rearguard action, and that his retreat at home, and U.S. defeat abroad, are basically inevitable.

But what if this week is a harbinger of things to come? What if the Defeatists have overplayed their hand? What if they continue to sound the tocsin of defeat—and the president, and the commanders, and the soldiers, don't snap to and obey? What if the surge continues to show better and better results, and the Bush administration does a more effective job of communicating them? If so, this past week could turn out to have been a pivotal moment in the Iraq war.

Over the last few months, the United States (finally) surged in Iraq. Al Qaeda in Iraq has now surged against the surge. Iran is surging against the surge. We're pushing them back. Now the Democrats in Congress, the mainstream media, and the foreign policy establishment have mounted their own surges against the surge. So far, Bush is beating them back. If Bush can hang tough, and General Petraeus can keep on surging, the Defeatists will fail. And the United States will have a good chance to succeed in Iraq.

—*William Kristol*

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Bush Would Rather Fight Than Switch

The president stands by the surge.

BY FRED BARNES

White House officials were pushing the line last week that President Bush would soon take a positive new tack in defending the war in Iraq. He'd talk about what Iraq would look like after the "surge" of American troops in Baghdad had succeeded and the soldiers were beginning to come home. Peter Baker of the *Washington Post* was told Bush "will launch a campaign emphasizing his intent to draw down U.S. forces next year." The president would deliver his "vision for the post-surge," an aide told Baker. Indeed, I talked to two White House officials who mentioned the plan for Bush to stress the bright future in Iraq rather than the dimmer present.

This clever scheme lacked one important ingredient, the participation of Bush himself. He was supposed to play up the post-surge in a 77-minute speech in Cleveland. He failed to, except to note in passing that, with enough troops to secure Iraq, "we can be in a different position in a while." This was the same day that Baker's story ran. A White House official said the president might have dropped emphasis on the post-surge era from his speech out of annoyance over the leak to Baker. Or, since he was speaking from scribbled notes, he might just have forgotten.

Two days later, Bush had a prepared text for his opening remarks at a press conference. Once more, the aftermath of the surge got short shrift. The closest he came was this comment: "When we start drawing down our forces in Iraq, it will be because our military commanders say the conditions on the ground are right, not because pollsters say it will be good politics."

I recount this episode because it makes a simple point: Bush's aides may be eager to soften his message on Iraq, but the president isn't. Another way to put it—exaggerating a bit—is that his aides were fearful of political repercussions and he wasn't.

White House officials were particularly nervous about the defections of a few Republican senators—Richard Lugar of Indiana, Pete Domenici of New Mexico, George Voinovich of Ohio—on Iraq. They wanted to keep the defectors from joining antiwar Democrats angling to force the president to bail out of Iraq. And they wanted to prevent more defections. They believed the president should change his talking points on Iraq to emphasize the good times that victory would produce.

Bush, of course, actually does think the surge will work, that a drawdown of troops will begin, and better times really are ahead in Iraq. But that happy-talk argument is not one he's ready to make, much less emphasize. It's not strong enough. And on the subject of Iraq and the war on Islamic jihadists, the president is the most steadfast and unflinching guy at the White House, and the least willing to sugarcoat the case for war.

It's not unusual for presidential aides to be more anxious than the boss. When President Reagan deployed Pershing missiles in Europe in 1983, the Soviets stormed out of arms talks in Geneva. Washington was in a tizzy, as were some of Reagan's advisers. Reagan wasn't, however, and he told his aides not to worry. The Soviets would soon return to the talks, he said. And of course they soon did.

Presidents can't afford the luxury of anxiety or doubt. In wartime, their task is to focus on the high stakes and perils of defeat. That, in a nutshell, is what Bush does. And does relentlessly.

Sure, the president said at a private session with journalists last week that lasted an hour and 35 minutes, he could talk about "what success will bring" in Iraq. But that's not the "most useful tool" in shoring up support for the war. Instead, Bush said, the most compelling case for persevering in Iraq is "what failure will look like."

At the press conference, he said withdrawal now "would mean surrendering the future of Iraq to al Qaeda. It would mean that we'd be risking mass killings on a horrific scale. It would mean we'd allow the terrorists to establish a safe haven in Iraq to replace the one they lost in Afghanistan. It would mean increasing the probability that American troops would have to return at some later date to confront an enemy that is even more dangerous." With that, he was just getting wound up.

Bush understands his lack of popularity—and the diminished influence that comes with being unpopular—has not crippled his presidency. Quite the contrary, he believes. "I've got a lot of tools to affect this debate," he said. He intends to use all of them: the veto, his power as commander in chief, filibusters by Republican senators, the bully pulpit.

His strategy is the equivalent of football's prevent defense. It's designed to prevent congressional Democrats from stripping away his authority as commander in chief and Republicans from wearily giving up. If the strategy works, the surge will be protected from being called off or cut short with an artificial deadline that requires American troops to begin pulling back from a combat role.

"I'm optimistic," he said, about

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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the surge's chances. He will rely for advice on General David Petraeus, the mastermind of the surge, and Ambassador Ryan Crocker, who report to him and to Congress in September. Bush said he's told Petraeus to assess the surge without "trying to please" the White House.

Bush is not a complainer. "You don't know what it's like to be commander in chief until you are," he said. But he didn't make it sound like a burden. He accepts responsibility for the way the war has turned out. "I understand the polls," Bush said. "This is an unpopular war!"

But he doesn't accept responsibility for leaks to the press, including the one about his supposed new approach to defending the war by saying it's about to wind down. "There are lots of talkers in Washington," he said. But he's not one of them. "I'm not on the phone chatting with the people who write those stories," the president insisted. No doubt about that. ♦

Senate Republicans Strike Back

As Reid overreaches on Iraq.

BY MATTHEW CONTINETTI

Late last week Byron Dorgan, the North Dakota Democrat, offered what he assumed was an uncontroversial amendment to the 2008 Defense Authorization bill under consideration in the Senate. The amendment would have increased to $50 million the reward "for the capture, or information leading to the capture," of Osama bin Laden. But Senate Republicans noticed something odd about the Dorgan amendment. It contained no mention of a reward for bin Laden's death.

John Sununu, the New Hampshire Republican up for reelection next year, quickly introduced his own amendment striking Dorgan's language and replacing it with a $50 million reward for "the capture or death or information leading to the capture or death" of bin Laden. Sununu's amendment passed by unanimous consent. The next morning the Senate's number three Republican, Jon Kyl of Arizona, went to the Senate floor and pointed out the discrepancy between Dorgan's and Sununu's amendments. Dorgan's emphasis on "capturing" bin Laden, Kyl said, was illustrative of the Democrats' approach to terrorists. Kyl said Democrats treat the enemy as criminals to be captured and prosecuted, not enemy soldiers to be detained or destroyed. The revised Dorgan amendment passed overwhelmingly.

The Dorgan episode also illustrates how quickly the terms of a debate can change. Republicans began last week worried that the fight over the defense bill would lead to substantial GOP defections from President Bush's surge policy in Iraq. That didn't happen. Instead Senate Republicans are confident they will be able to defeat every amendment to the bill that contains a congressionally mandated change in Iraq policy. What's more, the Senate Republican leadership is primed to go on offense this week, having identified language in the authorization bill, and in several Democratic amendments to it, that they plan to portray as soft on terrorism.

For months the Democratic leadership, believing the Iraq issue helps their party, planned to renew the war debate in mid-July. Their position was strengthened early this month, when Republican senators Richard Lugar of Indiana, George Voinovich of Ohio, Pete Domenici of New Mexico, and John Warner of Virginia criticized the president's strategy, adding to the number and profile of Bush's public GOP doubters.

But the Democrats may have miscalculated. Only three Republicans—Chuck Hagel of Nebraska, Gordon Smith of Oregon, and Olympia Snowe of Maine—have said that they will vote for an amendment, known as Levin-Reed, that would mandate troop withdrawals from Iraq beginning 120 days from passage, with the target date of April 30, 2008, for most troops to be withdrawn. The amendment's sponsors are Democrats Carl Levin of Michigan and Jack Reed of Rhode Island. It's the withdrawal plan with the greatest chance of success because it does not cut off funding for the war. But three Republicans aren't enough to lift the Democrats over the 60-vote supermajority they need to pass Levin-Reed. Nor is it even close to the 67 votes required to override a

Matthew Continetti is associate editor at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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certain presidential veto. (On July 12, the House of Representatives passed, 223 to 201, legislation similar to Levin-Reed. Only four Republicans voted for the bill—indeed, 10 Democrats voted against it—and the margin of victory was nowhere near the number necessary to override a veto.)

It was Senate Republican leader Mitch McConnell of Kentucky who struck the first blow against the Democrats, insisting that no amendment to the defense bill would pass without 60 votes. The initial test of McConnell's leadership came when Democratic leader Harry Reid of Nevada brought up for consideration an amendment, sponsored by Democrat James Webb of Virginia and Nebraska's Hagel, mandating that troops spend at least as long in America as they spend deployed in Iraq or Afghanistan. Senate Republicans said the amendment was designed to drive a wedge between the president and the troops. "They came out with their best shot," says a member of the GOP Senate leadership. Only 7 Republicans voted to cut off debate over Webb-Hagel. The amendment failed, 56 to 41.

The next major test comes early this week, when the Senate considers the Levin-Reed withdrawal plan. Senate Republicans are confident they will be able to defeat the amendment. They are also confident a proposal—sponsored by Democrat Ken Salazar of Colorado and Republican Lamar Alexander of Tennessee—that would write the 79 recommendations of the bipartisan Iraq Study Group (ISG) into law, will fail.

Salazar-Alexander has 13 cosponsors all told, 6 Democrats and 5 Republicans, who believe it is the best chance for a bipartisan policy of long-term engagement in Iraq. The goal is to have most American combat troops removed from Iraq by March 30, 2008, "subject to conditions on the ground." The ISG amendment is attacked from all sides. Opponents on both left and right say events have overtaken last December's Iraq Study Group report. Pro-surge forces say Salazar-Alexander is congressional interference in war policy, and that the practical consequences of such legislation are unclear. McConnell, who has said kind things about the Iraq Study Group in the past, will oppose the amendment. And for its part, the antiwar left—including Reid—says the ISG doesn't go far enough to force an American withdrawal. Still, Reid has guaranteed Salazar a vote.

Reid has also guaranteed each of the Democratic presidential candidates a vote on his or her own amendment, if desired. This means it is likely that Hillary Clinton and West Virginia Democrat Robert Byrd's amendment to rescind the October 2002 authorization for war against Saddam Hussein will be brought to a vote—though it is unlikely to pass. The fate of other proposals is unclear. One X-factor is a proposal brought Friday afternoon by Sens. Lugar and Warner that would require the president to seek a revised congressional war authorization. And

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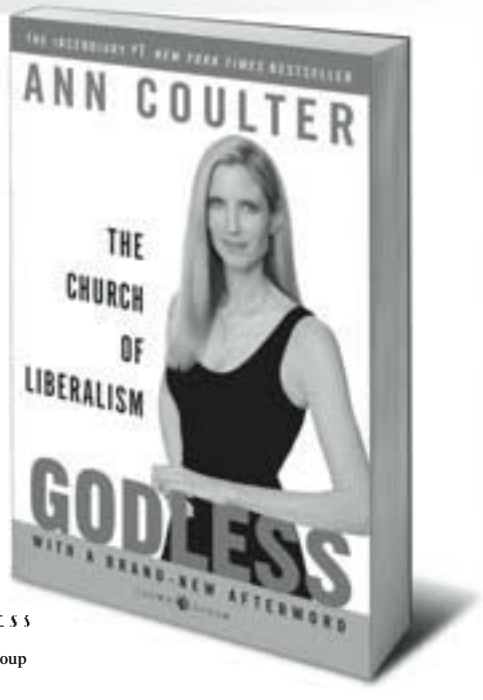

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the Senate GOP leadership is unsure whether Reid will bring up his own amendment: a plan, sponsored along with Wisconsin Democrat Russ Feingold, to remove all Americans from Iraq by March 31, 2008—at which point funding for the war would end. In the past, the proposal failed to attract even substantial Democratic support. "So far we've been able to defeat the cut-and-run and cut-and-jog amendments," says Missouri's Kit Bond, the ranking member on the Senate Intelligence Committee, whose son is serving in Iraq.

Senate Republicans' next move will be to introduce an amendment striking language from the defense bill that would expand the rights of detainees held in military prisons in Iraq. And they look forward to debating Democratic amendments that they say would treat terrorism as a crime, not war. An amendment sponsored by California Democrat Dianne Feinstein would shut down the terrorist detention facility in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and forbid the Defense Department from simply moving the prisoners to other brigs outside the United States. This would probably force the department to move the detainees into prisons inside the United States—thus opening up opportunities for litigation. Another amendment, sponsored by Vermont Democrat Patrick Leahy, would provide habeas corpus rights to detainees and others designated unlawful enemy combatants, rights Congress denied them in last year's Military Commissions Act.

So Democrats, having hoped to build antiwar momentum in July, risk leaving Washington at the end of the month playing defense. "Enough Republicans feel we need to wait until at least September" before doing anything drastic, says the member of the GOP Senate leadership. September is when Gen. David Petraeus, the commander in Iraq, and U.S. ambassador to Iraq Ryan Crocker are scheduled to return to Washington to deliver a status report on the surge. What happens after Petraeus delivers his report? The senator would not say. ♦

Catch and Release Doesn't Work

Yemen's failed anti-terrorist policy.

BY JONATHAN SCHANZER

Nine people, including seven Spanish tourists, were killed in Yemen on July 2 when a suicide bomber driving an explosives-laden car barreled into a tourist vehicle convoy as it left an archaeological site. A new al Qaeda franchise calling itself "Al Qaeda of the Jihad in Yemen" claimed responsibility for the carnage, putting the lawless state of Yemen back on the list of "places to watch" in the war on terror. The bombing represents an unfortunate, but not unforeseen, turning of the tide in Yemen.

Four years ago, the government of strongman Ali Abdullah Saleh claimed to have successfully defeated al Qaeda in Yemen. With U.S. training and assistance, the government cracked down on the Islamic Army of Aden-Abyan after a decade of violence culminating in the headline-grabbing USS *Cole* bombing of October 12, 2000, and the bombing of the French tanker *Limburg* on October 6, 2002.

After his officials heralded the defeat of the Aden-Abyan gang in 2003, Saleh boldly released dozens of suspects with links to al Qaeda to their families in exchange for promises that they would renounce violence. The government insisted that this unorthodox approach—the Yemeni approach—would be successful.

Jonathan Schanzer, a former Treasury intelligence analyst, is director of policy for the Jewish Policy Center. He is author of Al-Qaeda's Armies: Middle East Affiliate Groups and the Next Generation of Terror. *He conducted research in Yemen in 2003.*

Unbelievably, three years of relative calm followed. Yemen's primary problem was not international jihadism, but rather an internal insurrection in the hinterlands of Yemen's Saada province led by Husayn al-Huthi, the leader of a Shiite subsect. Clashes over several months left more than 200 rebels and troops dead before al-Huthi's group was neutralized.

Then in 2006, authorities foiled two al Qaeda suicide attacks against Yemeni oil and gas installations. While tragedy was averted, it was an indication that Yemen was coming undone.

The unraveling was probably inevitable. Yemen has traditionally encountered challenges from jihad-supporting tribal leaders who effectively rule the lawless parts of the country that Yemeni authorities cannot reach. Supporters of Osama bin Laden, whose ancestral roots lie in Yemen, have sought shelter in these areas, which are also known to have copious amounts of weapons that can be easily bought in free-wheeling arms markets.

Yemen's final undoing, however, can be pinpointed to a 2006 prison break, when 28 accused terrorists escaped from a jail in the capital, Sanaa. Analysts openly wondered whether the government chose to look the other way. A prison break is a rare occurrence in an Arab police state. At the very least, the prisoners had help from the guards.

Now, according to the *Yemen Observer*, one of those 28 escapees, a man identifying himself as Abu Basir Nasir al-Wahishi (a.k.a. Abu Hureira al-Sanaani) claims responsi-

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bility for the attack on the tourists. He announced in an audio message that he is now the leader of Yemen's newest al Qaeda affiliate group, the successor to the Aden-Abyan gang.

One would think the government of Yemen would learn its lesson: no more "get out of jail free" cards for terrorists. Such leniency only leads to the rise of other al-Wahishi's.

But even as the Yemeni government rounded up 20 suspects and announced a $75,000 reward for information leading to the capture of the recent attackers, the government released at least three other convicted terrorists, including bin Laden's former bodyguard Fawzi al-Wajeh and Ali Mohammed al-Kurdi, who was sentenced to death for his role in suicide bombings in Iraq and a hotel bombing in Yemen's port city of Aden.

According to one Yemeni official who tried to justify amnesty for terrorists, "Fighting [terrorists] doesn't work in the longer term."

But Yemen is inconsistent on this front, too. Security officials shot and killed Egyptian national Ahmed Bassiouni Dewidar, a suspected al Qaeda operative and alleged plotter of the tourist site suicide bombing, when he resisted arrest.

When authorities subsequently searched Dewidar's home, they found weapons, explosives, and forged passports allegedly used by al Qaeda to travel to Iraq and other Arab countries. The state-controlled Yemeni press has yet to release any further information about these findings, or about Dewidar's links to other jihadists in Yemen. Indeed, it is inconceivable to think that Dewidar acted alone.

The recent news coming out of Yemen is conflicting, but mostly bad. U.S. authorities are now reportedly on the ground in Yemen, looking for signs of cooperation between Yemeni terrorists and insurgents in Iraq. More important, they should be looking for signs that Yemen is ready to take its jihadist problem more seriously. Saleh's amnesty experiment appears to have failed. ♦

The ACLU Loses in Court

But the administration yields to Congress on surveillance. BY ANDREW C. MCCARTHY

The American Civil Liberties Union's Steven Shapiro is one of the best lawyers in the United States. Still, he was flat wrong when he told the *New York Times* that a federal appeals court's July 6 dismissal of the ACLU's challenge to the Bush administration's now-defunct Terrorist Surveillance Program "deprives Americans of any ability to challenge the illegal surveillance of their telephone calls and emails."

No, no, no. The ruling by the Sixth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals that the plaintiffs—the ACLU, the Council on American-Islamic Relations (CAIR), journalist Christopher Hitchens, et al.—do not have standing to sue does not deprive Americans of the ability to challenge the warrantless surveillance of al Qaeda's wartime communications into and out of the United States. It deprives them of the ability to challenge the program *in court*. They can challenge it through political channels—and already have done so successfully. Bowing to criticism, the administration eliminated the program, at least in its most controversial form, early this year.

In other words, the program presented a political issue, not principally a legal issue. True, the recondite legal wrangling over whether the president or Congress is ultimately responsible for authorizing surveillance of foreign enemies drowned out the more important issues in the debate—such as whether the program was effective. But the noise does not change the nature of the issue. It was a policy dispute. It was not meant to be resolved by lawyers and judges, but by all of us acting through our political representatives.

The Terrorist Surveillance Program, run by the National Security Agency (NSA), was never an exercise in "domestic spying," as Bush bashers tirelessly libeled it. It was always a matter of foreign affairs: specifically, the monitoring of cross-border communications involving people reasonably suspected of affiliation with a foreign enemy actively at war with the United States. A foreign enemy which has already attacked our homeland and which is trying mightily to do it again.

The Supreme Court addressed such foreign intelligence matters in 1948, in *Chicago & Southern Air Lines* v. *Waterman S.S. Corp*. Here is what Justice Robert Jackson—FDR's former attorney general and a giant in both the political and legal realms—trenchantly wrote for the majority in that case:

> The President, both as Commander-in-Chief and as the Nation's organ for foreign affairs, has available intelligence services whose reports are nor ought not to be published to the world. It would be intolerable that courts, without the relevant information, should review and perhaps nullify actions of the Executive taken on information properly held secret. Nor can courts sit in camera in order to be taken into executive confidences. But even if courts could require full disclosure, the very nature of executive decisions as to foreign policy is political, not judicial. Such decisions are wholly confided by our Constitution to the political departments

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of the government, Executive and Legislative. They are delicate, complex, and involve large elements of prophecy. They are and should be undertaken only by those directly responsible to the people whose welfare they advance or imperil. They are decisions of a kind for which the Judiciary has neither aptitude, facilities nor responsibility and have long been held to belong in the domain of political power not subject to judicial intrusion or inquiry.

The legal doctrine that best upholds these principles is "standing to sue." It is the irreducible constitutional threshold that must be surmounted before courts can properly thrust themselves into a controversy: A litigant must be able to demonstrate that he has been injured in a unique and concrete way.

If the "harm" to him is speculative, or contingent on events that may never happen, there is no standing. This was the case with the ACLU's complaint. The Terrorist Surveillance Program was highly classified. The plaintiffs therefore had no idea whether their international communications had been or ever would be monitored. Moreover, if a dispute is about a government policy—for example, high tax rates, immigration enforcement, or, as here, wartime surveillance of international phone calls and emails involving suspected enemy operatives—that presents a classic political question. In such instances, claimants lack standing because they are really not any more affected by the policy than other Americans. Our system reserves such issues for the democratic process.

In the Sixth Circuit, the standing doctrine was invoked by the majority of a divided three-judge panel to bar the suit. This, predictably, has provoked a hue and cry from media and elites who have come to see litigation, rather than popular self-determination, as our default dispute-resolution mechanism. In reality, though, the opposite is true. The proper approach, as Chief Justice John Roberts wrote in an academic article in 1993, long before he came to the High Court, is to "presume that federal courts lack jurisdiction 'unless the contrary appears affirmatively from the record.'"

That is what keeps the courts out of the policy-making business—a business for which they are particularly unsuited in the field of national security. There, lives are at stake and policy must be made by public officials accountable for those lives, not imposed by unaccountable judges reacting to agenda-driven litigants.

Litigation is a very poor substitute for the political process. For one thing, judges are not neutral ballot boxes. They bring along their own political baggage. That's fine when the issue is something properly before a court—Was a contract breached? Did the defendant rob the bank? For such matters, involving real, concrete harm, judges can reasonably be expected to check their politics at the courtroom door. But when litigation is political—when no one is known to have suffered a unique harm, but self-styled "public interest" groups are targeting a government policy that affects all Americans—then the judges' politics matter a great deal.

Polls indicate that Americans favor the concept of eavesdropping on al Qaeda, even if that inevitably means that innocent people will occasionally have their conversations monitored.

Don't think so? Consider this. After the NSA program was exposed at the end of 2005, it was, with few exceptions, scalded by Democrats and liberal academics while being defended by Republicans and conservative commentators. Now take a look at the case just decided. Well, whaddya know? The program was first held invalid by a judge appointed to the federal district court by President Carter. Then the Sixth Circuit appeals court panel split 2-1: In the majority, throwing out the suit, were two jurists placed on the federal bench by President Reagan and elevated to the appeals court by both Presidents Bush; the dissenter, who would have affirmed the district judge and killed the program, is a President Clinton appointee. No doubt the judges all voted their conscience—Democrats and Republicans tend to see constitutional law very differently. But does it not say something that, in a politically charged case, the judges have somehow managed to split exactly along the lines taken by the parties that appointed them?

And what of the purported "public interest" plaintiffs? The ACLU, its affectations to the contrary notwithstanding, does not represent the American people. It represents a finite segment of the population, one that adheres to a full-blown libertarian agenda. It is certainly entitled to those views, but most Americans don't share them—which is why policies supported by the ACLU do so much better before judges than before voters.

Polls indicate that Americans favor the concept of eavesdropping on al Qaeda communications even if that inevitably means—just as it does with run-of-the-mill criminal wiretaps—that innocent people will occasionally have their conversations monitored. The ACLU, by contrast, finds that prospect scandalous. In its world view, a single person's being inconvenienced for the sake of the community's enhanced security is virtually always unacceptable. The public's position is far more measured. So when the ACLU sues, it is not suing in what the public deems its own interest. It is suing in the ACLU's interest.

Because the plaintiffs so clearly represented not the public interest but their own narrow agendas, the Foundation for Defense of Democracies (through FDD's Center for Law and Counterterrorism, which

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I direct), joined with the Center for Security Policy and the Committee on the Present Danger to file an amicus brief in support of the NSA program. These "friends of the court" have a political view about what the best policy is. They favor the collective security of Americans and believe the nation is endangered by a libertarian solipsism that would shut down intelligence collection, putting all of us at risk, just so a few lawyers, journalists, and Muslim activists could be spared anxiety over the possibility that some innocent person's chats with suspected al Qaeda operatives might be monitored.

The place for advancing that view is the court of public opinion, not the courts of the United States. It's not the courts' business to be deciding policy questions. Matters of foreign policy are for elected officials who have to face the voters, not for judges who don't have to face anything except, perhaps, the recriminations of an organized bar unabashedly oriented to the political left.

On that score, Steve Shapiro and the ACLU can take some comfort in knowing that the political process has worked.

Democrats didn't dare shut down the Terrorist Surveillance Program after its existence was leaked. It was popular with the public, regardless of how much liberals ranted about Bush violating the 1978 Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA), which purports to regulate all national security wiretapping.

The public's approval and the resulting Democratic reluctance to match heated words with meaningful legislative action against the program were direct results of our political process. In late 2005, right after the *New York Times* exposed the surveillance program, the White House, for once, immediately got out in front of a controversy. President Bush passionately and effectively defended the program, convincing Americans that it was the right thing to do in a post-9/11 environment where we've seen only too painfully what can be wrought by al Qaeda's cross-border communications.

Since then, however, the Democrats—helped immeasurably by the media's "domestic spying" narrative—have been adroit in attacking the program. Cowed by the political heat, the administration finally caved. Back in January, the Justice Department announced that the Terrorist Surveillance Program was being brought under the supervision of the FISA court. As a result, the program no longer exists as a wartime military effort run unilaterally by the executive branch. That is exactly what Democrats, the ACLU, and other critics have said they wanted all along.

From a policy standpoint, however, this is a grievous mistake. FISA requires probable-cause evidence that a person is an agent of a foreign power before eavesdropping may be approved by a court. The Constitution, by contrast, demands no such thing. The Fourth Amendment mandates only that searches be reason-

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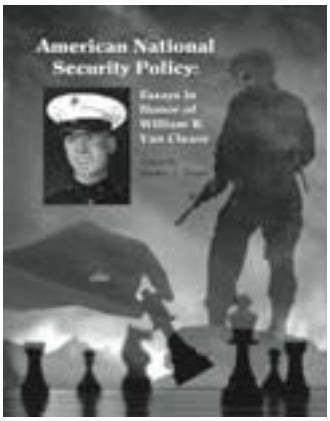

Few individuals have had as lasting an impact on American national security as William Van Cleave. This book honors William Van Cleave, who has served his country in many capacities: as a Marine, student, policymaker, strategist, professor, mentor, and American. The subjects addressed by the authors are diverse and include American missile defense policy, counterproliferation strategies, the role of space in the security of the United States, Russian nuclear doctrine, a consideration of the Department of Defense's budgetary process, how the United States should respond to the North Korean nuclear program, the nuclear doctrine of the United States, and strategy and counterintelligence. Implicitly and explicitly, they also provide some insight into how Van Cleave influenced so many individuals who have proceeded to serve the United States in the Department of Defense, the intelligence community, and in industry and universities.

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able. As all of us know from boarding airplanes, entering public buildings, or having our bags searched when we enter the country, there are countless situations of far less consequence to national security than wartime penetration of enemy communications, in which searches are permitted without prior court approval and on less than probable-cause evidence.

Consequently, if the NSA program was, or is, calling for probable cause before surveillance can take place, then it is not monitoring everyone the Constitution would allow us to monitor, and everyone we need to have monitored during a war against an enemy trying energetically to reprise 9/11. As Judge Richard Posner has observed, FISA permits the surveillance only of people we already know are dangerous; but the threat to us today comes from the embedded terrorist we don't yet know, and you can't ferret him out if you need to prove probable cause before you can listen. By then, it may be too late.

That, however, is a policy argument. It is the kind of argument the administration has shied from making. Meanwhile, Democrats, joined by FISA-enthusiast Republicans like Senator Arlen Specter, have effectively argued the merits of court supervision since early 2006. The administration failed to make the very strong countercase, got spooked by all the scurrilous charges that it was violating the law, looked at its sinking poll numbers, decided the last thing it needed was another fight, and, *voilà!*, the program is no more.

That's a shame, but those of us on the losing side of the policy question have no beef. We lost fair and square in a political fight. In the end, the administration reacted to political pressure, not to a court usurping the political process. That's the way things are supposed to work. The argument over national security policy will continue, but thanks to the Sixth Circuit, the public interest will be determined by the real public, not "public interest" lawsuits. ♦

The Ultimate Export Control

Why F-14s are being put into a shredder.

BY REUBEN F. JOHNSON

John Walker Jr. of the infamous Walker family spy ring was once asked how he had been able to pass some of the nation's most heavily guarded communications codes to the KGB for so long without being detected—almost 18 years, until he was caught in 1985. Walker's answer was both revealing and troubling.

"Kmart has better security than the Navy," was his response.

Fast-forward to 2007 and you wonder if that situation has changed much in the last 22 years. For decades the Navy's most formidable fighter aircraft was the Grumman F-14 Tomcat, immortalized in the 1986 Tony Scott-Don Simpson-Jerry Bruckheimer film *Top Gun*. In its day the F-14 was the king of the hill in fighter aircraft technology. Its Hughes AN/AWG-9 radar could track up to 24 targets simultaneously. Its AIM-54 Phoenix air-to-air missile, also made by Hughes, could shoot down aerial targets at a then-unthinkable range of 80 miles.

This technology was considered to be of such strategic importance that only one foreign purchaser was ever allowed to procure the F-14: the Imperial Iranian Air Force that existed during the reign of the shah, which bought 79 of them.

When the monarchy fell in the Islamic Revolution of 1979, and the ensuing takeover of the U.S. Embassy severed all relations with Washington, the United States imposed an embargo on the sale of any spare parts for the F-14s. This was intended to keep the ayatollahs from maintaining and operating their arsenal of American-made warplanes.

Iran's aerospace industry and intelligence services then embarked on what has become a nearly three-decade shell game of trying to find ways to covertly or illegally procure parts for the F-14. Not surprisingly, incidents of spares "disappearing" from storehouses at Subic Base in the Philippines and other Navy installations worldwide became regular occurrences.

Numerous middlemen operating from shadowy front companies ordered parts for the Iranian Tomcats. Some of these fronts have ended up in the U.S. courts over the years, but the Iranians have had far more successes than failures in getting their hands on what they need. During Iran's air show last year—27 years after the embargo was first imposed—several Iranian aerospace enterprises openly displayed overhauled components for the F-14 that they manage to keep acquiring parts for up to this day.

As long as the F-14 remained in U.S. Navy service, American defense plants would keep churning out spare parts for them—and therefore there would always be a pool of components available for the Iranians to try to get their hands on. However, once the aircraft was retired and the production lines shut down, conventional wisdom held that this would make it much harder for Iranian agents to get the spares they need. Exactly the opposite has turned out to be the case.

Last year, the F-14s were retired, and the remaining aircraft and spare parts stockpiles were moved from U.S. Navy inventory to the Defense Logis-

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tics Agency (DLA). It is the DLA's job to try to sell used military hardware in pieces or as scrap in order to recoup some of the taxpayer's money. There are some components in the F-14 that would be common with other airframes of the same era and could be sold for that purpose. (The F-14's TF-30 engine, for that matter, is also used in the F-111, still being flown, though not for much longer by the Royal Australian Air Force.) On the other hand, some parts are unique to the F-14 and would need to be kept under lock and key and sold only for scrap. Unfortunately in the case of the F-14, no one seems to have been paying attention to what parts are being sold, and to whom.

An afterburner fuel control unit for the F-14's engine, overhauled in Iran

Spare parts for the F-14, on display at the 2006 Iran Air Show.

Photos by Reuben F. Johnson

The recent history of F-14 spares sold from DLA's boneyards and excess stockpiles suggests that some real-world incarnation of the lovably incompetent Sergeant "I see nothing" Schultz from TV's *Hogan's Heroes* has been in charge of verifying the destination of these spare parts.

In one publicized incident, the paperwork from an Iranian agent for illegally purchased F-14 parts passed under the DLA's nose, but the parts were then seized by Customs agents before they could be shipped to Iran. The spares were sent back to DLA, which, instead of putting them under guard, promptly sold them to another middleman working on behalf of the Iranians. The fact that these spare parts were now identified as being on Iran's wish list should have warranted some extra scrutiny when a second buyer came looking for them. What's more, the Customs Service evidence tags from the first seizure were still attached to these items—they were literally red-flagged—which makes the act of selling them to a second Iranian agent inexcusable.

This all stands in stark contrast to the bureaucratic zeal with which the U.S. government controls military technology flowing into the United States. Try importing foreign military spare parts and other materiel from foreign nations into the United States, and U.S. government oversight suddenly becomes ruthlessly efficient.

U.S. companies that operate as Foreign Materiel Acquisition (FMA) agents currently purchase millions of dollars' worth of foreign military hardware and spare parts each year. Some items are used for training U.S. forces, while others are used to equip the newly established and coalition-trained security forces in Iraq and Afghanistan. In every one of these sales, there are reams of paperwork—including end-user certificates, copies of the company's U.S. government-issued license that permits it to trade in armaments—all of which must be properly authenticated, notarized, and signed by government officials on both sides.

Since 9/11, Washington has also put considerable pressure on foreign governments to tighten their regulation of export arms sales—pressure that has had palpable impact on these FMA contractors—even though they are buying for the same U.S. government that is exerting the pressure in the first place.

"I have seen the approval process here for importing [foreign military] items to the United States lengthen from three to six to twelve to sometimes more than eighteen months," says one U.S. FMA company representative based in Eastern Europe. "When we complain about these never-ending delays, the excuse we always receive from the local officials we deal with is, 'Well, this is the way the American government has told us we now have to work with you.'"

This may even have a ripple effect

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of extending the U.S. troop presence in Iraq and Afghanistan—a presence Congress is now clamoring to truncate. "You do not have to be a math wizard to figure out that if it takes a 12-month paper chase to deliver equipment needed to train the new Afghan army, then this consequently means extending the U.S. troop commitment there," says the company rep.

The standards could not be further apart—one for those who want to take military hardware out of the United States (sometimes under false pretenses) and another for those who are importing foreign military hardware into the United States legally. But in the case of the F-14, the Pentagon has decided not even to try and address the deficiencies in its oversight procedures.

Instead, a $3.7 million contract has been given to a St. Louis-based firm, TRI-Rinse, to destroy the F-14s and other military equipment that could be of use to Iran and other hostile nations. Using portable heavy machinery, TRI-Rinse's personnel literally grind the Tomcats into unrecognizable chunks of metal. "One of the ways to make sure that no one will ever use an F-14 again is to cut them into little 2-by-2-foot bits," said the company's vice president.

This scorched-earth, Visigoth process is not only ridiculously expensive, but it raises the question of what the government employees in charge of overseeing the DLA's considerable inventory of weaponry are doing to earn their taxpayer-funded salaries if they cannot keep the "bad guys" from making off with it.

Moreover, grinding is not a viable long-term solution to slipshod export controls. You cannot shred or pulverize everything in the United States that is of potential value to a rogue nation—think of nuclear technology, biomedical research, or advanced computer programming. Smashing our used weaponry and other know-how into bits is no answer to the problem. Even a Kmart security guard could tell you that. ♦

Down but Not Out

The Supreme Court doesn't quite kill off racial preferences. BY ERIN SHELEY

In March 1999, Samantha Comfort of Lynn, Massachusetts, tried to enroll her daughter Elizabeth at the only Lynn public school close enough to her job that she could pick the kindergartner up on time each day. The school refused to take Elizabeth—not because it didn't have space for another child, but because it didn't have space for another white child. Enraged, Comfort and a group of other parents brought a constitutional equal protection claim against the Lynn School Committee, which prohibits "segregative" transfers of students between schools (i.e., transfers that would bring the percentage of "nonwhite" students in each school outside the targeted range of 43 percent to 73 percent). In 2005, a federal appeals court rejected their claim and upheld the school district's racial plan. Two weeks ago, the parents went to court again, filing what could be the first of many challenges to similar court rulings in light of the Supreme Court's recent rejection of race-based student assignment plans in *Parents Involved in Community Schools* v. *Seattle School District No. 1 et al*.

Because the Seattle and Louisville school districts considered by the Court also used rigid percentage systems, it's a safe bet that *Parents Involved* will indeed bring an end to overtly race-based policies like those in Lynn. Yet the case cannot be read as mandating the absolute race neutrality sought by Fourteenth Amendment literalists (much less has it, as the NAACP homepage wails mixed-metaphorically, "condemned minority children to a back seat in the race for life's chances"). The extent to which school districts may racially classify their students going forward depends, first, on the manipulation of loopholes left open by the Court's opinion and, second, on the deciding vote of Justice Kennedy, who stated separately that he believes it "cannot be a universal constitutional principle" that "our Constitution is color-blind."

Any use of racial classification by a governmental body is subject to "strict scrutiny" by courts under the Fourteenth Amendment—it must be "narrowly tailored" to serve a "compelling state interest." Chief Justice John Roberts was joined by Justices Scalia, Thomas, and Alito in holding that the goal of racial balancing in and of itself, even under the warm, fuzzy name of "diversity," can never constitute such a compelling state interest. Yet, critically, Roberts's opinion defined "racial balancing" against the backdrop of the Court's 2003 decision in *Grutter* v. *Bollinger*, which upheld the University of Michigan Law School's use of race as a factor in admissions. *Grutter*, written by now-retired Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, turned on the fact that the law school—rather than employing specific racial quotas—evaluated each applicant with an eye to "producing classes both diverse and academically outstanding," taking into account the school's commitment to racial diversity as one of a number of factors affecting each admissions decision.

While the Court noted that the compelling state interest at issue in *Grutter* was student body diversity specifically in the context of higher education, Roberts's opinion does not foreclose the possibility that a Univer-

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sity of Michigan-style balancing test could be acceptable at an elementary or secondary school level. He noted, "The point of the narrow tailoring analysis in which the *Grutter* Court engaged was to ensure that the use of racial classifications was indeed part of a broader assessment of diversity." In contrast, in the Seattle and Louisville plans, race was, for certain students, "determinative standing alone." It is therefore an open question whether a school district could make use of nondeterminative racial classifications without running afoul of *Parents Involved*.

Furthermore, Justice Kennedy, whose concurring vote was critical to the 5-4 majority, made it clear that he disagreed with Roberts that targeted racial composition could *never* be a sufficiently compelling state interest to pass Fourteenth Amendment muster. Specifically, he endorsed "a more nuanced, individual evaluation of school needs and student characteristics that might include race as a component," in a manner "informed by *Grutter*."

What does this mean? School districts wishing to avoid running afoul of *Parents Involved* have a wide range of options. The first—and worst—is simply to accept the invitation of Justice Kennedy to promulgate a formal, individuated policy for making student transfer decisions and, behind that smokescreen, to proceed on racial grounds exactly as before.

O'Connor's opinion in *Grutter* lingers in the Michigan law school's own description of its admission policies: It seeks to "admit a group of students who individually and collectively are among the most capable," and it requires that admissions officers evaluate each applicant "based on all the information available in the file, including a personal statement, letters of recommendation, and an essay describing the ways in which the applicant will contribute to Law School life and diversity"—all of this in addition to the applicant's grade point average (GPA) and Law School Admission Test (LSAT) score. Yet few people involved in the process of applying to law school seriously believe that admissions—to Michigan or elsewhere—boil down to much more than a numerical formula based upon GPA, LSAT score, and race.

Any pre-law college senior can point you to the online calculators that spit out an applicant's likelihood of admission to a given school based upon those two numbers. At least one Ivy League college publishes a "grid" of (anonymous) law school admissions decisions for a prior class of its seniors, listing the GPA, LSAT, and, of course, race of each applicant. Students rely on the predictive power of those grids in deciding where to spend their money on application fees, no less so for public schools like Michigan than for any other. In dissenting from the *Grutter* holding, Justice Kennedy himself pointed out as much, attacking the majority for failing to closely scrutinize the law school's own "assurances that its admissions process meets with constitutional requirements."

If racial considerations in a context as numbers-driven as law school admissions can survive equal-protection scrutiny based on a school's paper policy, it would be a simple matter for a public school district to construct a similar balancing test. All a district would need to do is fashion a policy simultaneously concerned with race along with, for example, geographic location, student preference, and available space, and refrain from establishing specific racial quotas.

Under such a system, it would be easy to deny a student's transfer request on racial grounds without appearing to do so. (Far easier, in fact, than in a merit-based process like graduate school admissions.) The

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legitimacy of such a plan would then depend on whether Justice Kennedy returns to the hard line he adopted in his *Grutter* dissent, or hews to his more recent endorsement of considering the extent to which a policy is "informed by *Grutter*."

But there are other, better options. In 2004, the Office for Civil Rights of the Department of Education released a report outlining potential race-neutral methods for achieving classroom diversity. The report focused on institutions of higher education but contained options for elementary and secondary schools as well. One such method, used in several instances by charter schools, was admission by lottery. Henry Ford Academy in Dearborn, Michigan, for example, employs an accounting firm to select students at random from a lottery open to all rising Wayne County, Mich., ninth-graders. Henry Ford's class of 2003 scored above the state average on the Michigan Educational Assessment Program (MEAP) exam in reading and math. Other schools employing lottery methods include the North Star Academy in Newark and the Amistad Academy in New Haven. Another race-neutral alternative cited by the report considers socio-economic standing. Schools in Wake County, N.C., La Crosse, Wisc., San Francisco, Charlotte, Brandywine, Del., and Cambridge, Mass., have all developed unique means of allocating students on this basis, without regard to race. While all of these systems pose challenges in execution, they serve the purported goal of racial classification—ensuring that disadvantaged students are not segregated—without resorting to outright racial discrimination.

On its own terms, *Parents Involved* leaves the door open for a great deal of tacit race discrimination by public school districts. Soon enough, in the Lynn case or some other, the Court will be asked to stop districts from circumventing this holding, and it should. At the very least, parents should never again have to tell their children that they can't attend school with their friends because their school has classified them as "nonwhite." ♦

Musharraf Gets Tough . . .

But don't get your hopes up for a second act.

BY DAVEED GARTENSTEIN-ROSS

In a country that for the past year has consistently ceded ground to terrorists, the storming of the Lal Masjid mosque in Islamabad was a rare bit of good news. As Pakistani forces wrapped up their raid on July 11, their examination of 73 bodies recovered from the so-called red mosque suggested that most of the dead were militants—and that they included mosque leader Abdur Rashid Ghazi. Yet while Western observers would surely like to view the raid as evidence that Pakistani president Pervez Musharraf has regained his determination to fight terrorism, the facts counsel against undue optimism.

Pakistan's move to clear the mosque following an extended standoff was indeed a major accomplishment. Lal Masjid leaders had recruited fighters and suicide bombers to fight coalition forces in Afghanistan. Abdur Rashid Ghazi and his brother Mohammed Abdul Aziz were known for issuing *fatwas* in favor of what one U.S. intelligence source described as "every jihad imaginable." Both brothers met fitting ends: Abdur Rashid died, and Abdul Aziz was captured trying to flee while disguised as a woman in a burka.

The Lal Masjid was by no means Pakistan's most militant mosque, but its location in the capital made it a conspicuous symbol of the challenge Musharraf faces. Tensions between the mosque and the government have simmered for years. The government mounted a botched raid in July 2005 after evidence emerged suggesting that one of the suicide bombers who had struck London's mass transit system that month had been radicalized at the Lal Masjid.

These tensions reached a boil after mosque-affiliated vigilantes stepped up an anti-vice campaign in January, kidnapping people who contravened their austere version of Islamic law. Recently they kidnapped seven Chinese nationals whom they accused of running a brothel.

China applied enormous pressure to Musharraf. His previous attempts to order military strikes against the Lal Masjid had met with rebuffs. In late January, after the Pakistani army refused to raid the mosque, Musharraf ordered his air force to do so—only to see this order refused as well. Musharraf's eventual solution was to send in 111 Brigade, which is personally loyal to him.

Though the raid on the Lal Masjid achieved Musharraf's objectives, it would be unwise to conclude that he is finally getting tough on militants. More than anything, Musharraf's handling of the affair highlights his weakness. He acted erratically and inconsistently, offering concessions precisely when he should have turned up the heat. Musharraf's negotiations with the mosque could most charitably be described as a carrot and stick approach lacking any apparent strategy for shifting between the two.

The single most poorly timed move during the standoff came on July 6, when Musharraf offered amnesty to everyone holed up in the mosque on the very day he was targeted for assassination. There are differing accounts as to whether Musharraf made the

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AFP / Getty Images / Aamir Qureshi

Jamia Hafsa, a religious school for girls affiliated with the Lal Masjid mosque in Islamabad, after the raid

offer before or after the assassination attempt—but no analyst I spoke with would have been surprised if it had followed the attempt on Musharraf's life. In dealing with the Lal Masjid, Musharraf consistently followed up tough talk with concessions, right up until the raid began.

Moreover, that assassination attempt points to another vulnerability. Although the Pakistani government tried to downplay the incident, a senior U.S. military intelligence official confirmed that the early-morning attack on Musharraf's plane as it took off from a military base in Rawalpindi came close. In fact, the assassins came so close with their makeshift antiaircraft gun mounted on the roof of an apartment building that they probably knew Musharraf's flight plan. If so, then either Musharraf has very poor operational security, or he is compromised at a high level.

While neither scenario bodes well for Musharraf's future, there is strong evidence to support the notion that he is compromised. Musharraf experienced two close calls in December 2003: A bomb blew up a bridge near Rawalpindi minutes after his car passed over it on December 14, and suicide truck bombs hit his convoy on the same road less than two weeks later. Although Pakistan's military said no senior officers were involved, some observers think this announcement reflected a desire to avoid facing hard facts.

The Lal Masjid raid occurs against the backdrop of the government's major land concessions to extremist elements over the past year. Pakistan essentially ceded the Waziristan and Bajaur tribal agencies to the Taliban and al Qaeda by announcing "peace deals" providing that the Pakistani military would no longer carry out strikes there. U.S. intelligence recently concluded that al Qaeda's operating capabilities are now at levels they have not reached since the months just before the 9/11 attacks—largely because Pakistan has provided this haven.

Nor does the Lal Masjid raid signal the end of such concessions. In late May, Pakistan reached a similar agreement with Maulana Fazlullah, a cleric affiliated with the extremist Tehreek Nifaz-e-Shariat Mohammadi (TNSM), over the district of Swat, in the North-West Frontier Province. Even as Pakistan acted against the Lal Masjid, Fazlullah took to the FM radio airwaves, demanding that his supporters avenge the mosque by fighting the government. His followers carried out four major attacks against police between July 3 and July 7. This clear violation of Pakistan's peace deal with Fazlullah resulted in hand-wringing on the government's part, not retaliation.

Far from being an aberration, Musharraf's poor handling of the latest crisis is emblematic of the larger picture. The fact that he seems to be governing without a strategy—acting erratically and in a flatly contradictory fashion—makes many analysts fear that he is losing his grip on power.

If Musharraf does lose power, the best-case scenario would probably be for a similar military officer (relatively pro-Western but unlikely to challenge extremist domination of the tribal areas) to replace him. But this outcome is by no means inevitable. Prominent Pakistani military and intelligence figures—individuals like retired Gen. Hamid Gul and Gen. Mirza Aslam Beg—are ideologically sympathetic to the Taliban and al Qaeda. It is not inconceivable that they could seize power. Few have thought through the tremendous geopolitical implications of such a succession. Given Pakistan's nuclear arsenal, the changes to the global war on terror would be instantaneous and dramatic.

The bottom line is that we should not expect the Lal Masjid raid to mark the beginning of a sustained campaign against Pakistan's powerful Islamic militant factions. In fact, the situation could get worse—and probably will. ♦

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Cheney Speaks

On Clinton's pardons, 9/11 as seen from the White House bunker, mistakes made in Iraq, and more

By Stephen F. Hayes

On January 20, 2001, Dick Cheney and his wife Lynne accompanied George and Laura Bush to worship services at historic St. John's Episcopal Church. The weather was dismal, cold and rainy. When the service ended, they climbed into limousines for the one-block trip across Lafayette Park to the White House, where, according to the schedule, they were to have coffee with the Clintons and Gores before the inaugural ceremony.

Clinton wasn't ready.

"We got in the cars and we had to wait," says Cheney. "And then we had to wait some more, and then we had to wait some more, and then we had to wait some more." The famously unpunctual Clinton was finishing his term in signature style. "We must have waited about half an hour before we could go over there."

Once they got to the White House, the couples passed some time in the kind of small talk Cheney typically avoids. "We got over there and made nice-nice and so forth," he says, "waiting to go up to the Hill." Bush and Clinton rode to the ceremony together, while Cheney joined Gore and several members of the congressional leadership for the short drive down Pennsylvania Avenue.

The conversation on the way to the Capitol was more substantive than the one at the White House. Gore joked about the last-minute presidential maneuvering that required Bush and Cheney to wait for their host. "We were laughing," Cheney recalls, "because Gore was explaining the reason we'd been delayed and they hadn't been ready to receive us on time was Clinton had been upstairs pardoning people."

Cheney felt a sense of familiarity as he arrived at the Capitol. He had taken many oaths of office before—as White House chief of staff, six times as a member of Congress and later, as secretary of defense—and he had been on the platform for the inaugural ceremonies of Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush.

"Vice President Cheney, an old, old Washington hand," said ABC News anchor Peter Jennings, as the cameras captured Cheney joining the ceremony. "Sometimes said, particularly among the skeptical about George W. Bush here, that he'll be the one with real influence in the city. It's not to say that George W. Bush hasn't had experience here, but Dick Cheney knows this town extremely well. Served in the House of Representatives, served as the secretary in various cabinets, and certainly knows that this town is not—not always paved with goodwill."

"It's a terrorist act"

Shortly before 7:00 A.M., September 11, 2001, Cheney sat for his regular CIA briefing in the small, first floor library of the vice president's residence. The session was unremarkable. On a typical day, Cheney gets into the car waiting to take him to the White House at 7:30. In a six-car motorcade that races across downtown Washington, D.C., blowing through stoplights, it takes five minutes to cover the three miles from Cheney's home at One Observatory Circle to the White House. When he arrives, he joins President Bush for his intelligence briefing at 7:45.

Cheney's solo briefing is more detailed than Bush's because the vice president asks for more material; Bush is the big picture guy, Cheney wants details. The vice president will sometimes ask questions in his briefings with Bush to make sure the president is exposed to in-depth treatment of issues Cheney deems important.

On this day, with Bush on the road, there was no intelligence briefing at the White House.

Cheney met briefly in his West Wing office with Scooter Libby, his chief of staff. Cheney was wearing a grey pinstriped suit, a crisply pressed white shirt, and a black tie with a silver, linked-chain pattern. The vice president has offices in both the White House and the Eisenhower (Old) Executive Office Building, with most of his staff located in the latter—what President Bush calls "The Ike."

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When Libby returned to his office in the Old Executive Office Building, Sean O'Keefe, the number two official at the Office of Management and Budget, stopped by Cheney's office for an unscheduled visit. O'Keefe, a tall, slender man whose graying hair and push-broom mustache give him a striking resemblance to Peter Sellers in *The Pink Panther*, had worked closely with Cheney at the Pentagon as the military's chief financial officer and comptroller. Though he considered Cheney a friend, he knew better than to drop in for an idle chat. Cheney was accessible—he deliberately left gaps in his schedule for "staff time"—but his White House colleagues quickly learned to keep their impromptu sessions with the vice president short and to the point.

Nonetheless, O'Keefe spent more than twenty minutes in Cheney's office, discussing a matter that seemed urgent at 8:30 A.M. on Tuesday, September 11. In time, neither man would be able to recall what it was that had been so important.

Also waiting to speak to Cheney that morning was John McConnell, the vice president's chief speechwriter. McConnell had arrived early at his office in the Old Executive Office Building, as usual. McConnell is an unassuming and erudite man from Bayfield, Wisconsin, a town of 625 on the northern tip of the state, with a square jaw that is softened by his prominent dimples and easy smile.

The previous day, McConnell had casually mentioned to Cheney's assistant Debbie Heiden that he wanted to see the vice president. He was preparing for a series of upcoming speeches and needed to discuss the broad themes with his boss. McConnell, who likes to keep a low profile, figured he would just try to catch Cheney in his office for a brief chat as the vice president read the morning papers; instead, he was surprised to find he had been given a one-on-one appointment for 8:30 that morning. Arriving shortly before his designated time, McConnell found Cheney and O'Keefe deep in discussion, so he waited just outside Cheney's office.

Cheney's office is quite spacious—longer than it is wide, with high ceilings—particularly for the cramped West Wing. His large, mahogany desk sits opposite the entrance to the room, beneath a map depicting the Battle of Chickamauga, one of several Civil War battles that his great-great grandfather survived. In the far left corner of the room is a small television perched on a walnut-stained stand that matches the desk. Four flags sit on either side of a thin table behind Cheney's chair: the American flag and the Wyoming state flag on the left; the secretary of defense's flag and the vice president's flag on the right. The table is filled with photographs of Cheney's wife, his children and their partners, and his grandchildren. The white walls are spare, with only two gold-framed oil paintings—portraits of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams—and a map of the world as decorations. Two windows on the left side of the room provide light, and the royal blue sofa in front of Cheney's desk matches the carpet exactly. Two chairs on each side of the sofa form a semicircle. Sewn into the carpeting directly in front of the fireplace is the seal of the vice president of the United States.

As McConnell waited for Cheney to finish his conversation with O'Keefe, he chatted with the Secret Service agent posted at the door and with Heiden, whose desk sits just outside the office. Their conversation was interrupted by a bizarre news report on the television over Heiden's desk. An airplane had struck the World Trade Center. No one knew what to make of it. An inexperienced pilot? A wrong turn? Bad weather? The last of these seemed unlikely; it was a beautiful day in New York City, as it was in Washington.

"There wasn't any kind of alarm," says McConnell. "It was just kind of, 'Oh man, look at that.'"

As they watched the television, the Secret Service agent received an urgent call from "the I.D."—the intelligence division. He listened for a moment and then hung up.

"He put the phone down and told me: passenger jet. And that's when you go, Geez. And then you start getting a sick feeling. Because a passenger aircraft is *not* going to crash into the World Trade Center."

As O'Keefe came out of Cheney's office, McConnell gestured to the television. O'Keefe nodded, they had been watching the reports inside. McConnell walked in through the door with a stack of papers under his arm and took a seat along the left side of Cheney's desk. The small television on the other side of the desk was tuned to ABC News. The two men watched the fiery scene without saying a word.

In the Old Executive Office Building, Scooter Libby's young assistant Jennifer Mayfield was also monitoring the developments in New York on her television. Libby had just begun a meeting with John Hannah, a top national security adviser to Cheney. President Bush had decided to support the creation of a Palestinian state, a major change in U.S. policy. The vexing details of the coming announcement had been in discussion for weeks without resolution. Libby wanted desperately to come up with a policy guidance for the vice president by the end of the day. Before the meeting started, he had given Mayfield strict orders: Do not interrupt this meeting.

As soon as she saw that a plane had hit the World Trade Center, Mayfield charged into her boss's office. Libby and Hannah listened to her report. "Unless it's terrorism," Libby responded, "don't interrupt me again."

Back at the White House, Cheney watched the screen as thick, gray smoke poured from the hole in the north

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tower. He, too, noticed that it was a clear day in New York. "How in the hell," he asked himself, "could a plane hit the World Trade Center?"

Seconds later, he had his answer. Cheney and McConnell watched as a second plane appeared on the right hand side of the screen, banked slightly to the left, and plunged into the south tower. "Did you see that?" Cheney asked his speechwriter.

In the ABC News picture, the north tower largely blocked their view of the plane hitting the south tower. Still, they were able to see a massive blast of smoke behind the north tower and debris from the explosion falling to the ground below.

"We knew then it was terrorism," Cheney recalls.

Jenny Mayfield raced back into Libby's office and told him: "It's terrorism." Within seconds, Libby received a call from Cheney asking him to return to the White House.

Moments after the second plane hit, Cheney "popped out of his chair," says McConnell, and walked across the hallway to the office he had occupied as chief of staff in the Ford administration. The current occupant, Andy Card, was traveling with President Bush in Florida. Cheney told Card's secretary that he wanted to speak with Card when he called back to the White House and returned to his office.

Libby hurried back across West Executive Avenue—the alleyway between the White House and the Old Executive Office Building—to rejoin his boss. He carried an oversized black briefing book under his right arm. Cheney sat behind his desk, leaning back in his large black chair.

Libby's eyes shifted between his boss and the TV to Cheney's left. The chyron across the bottom of the screen read simply: "ABC News Live Coverage. World Trade Center. New York." The picture—from a different angle now—showed perhaps the top 50 floors of the towers, both engulfed in smoke. The tower on the left-hand side of the screen had a higher point of impact and there were flames licking skyward from the top of the building.

The morning newspapers, now completely irrelevant, sat on the left side of Cheney's desk, next to a thick rubber band. A coffee mug was on the desk in front of Cheney, the television remote control just to his right.

Mary Matalin, Cheney's top communications adviser, joined the small group around the television. "Is this terrorism?" she asked. Cheney told her that it was.

Liz Cheney, having heard about the first plane hitting the north tower on her car radio, called her father on his private line.

"A plane has hit the World Trade Center," she told him.

"Two planes have hit," he responded. "It's a terrorist attack, I've got to go."

Cheney picked up a phone with a direct line to Bush. "I need to talk to the president," he said, and immediately hung up.

The view from "the bunker"

Much of the U.S. government response to the attacks was run from the conference room in the Presidential Emergency Operations Center beneath the White House, colloquially known as the bunker. In the middle of the room is a rectangular wood table, long enough to seat 16 people comfortably. At several places around the table, drawers contain a white telephone for secure communications. A second row of chairs along the wall provides room for support staff. Built into the wall closest to the entrance are two large television screens. For most of the day, one was tuned to CNN and the other to the Fox News Channel.

Cheney consulted with Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta, a California Democrat who had worked alongside Cheney in Congress. He had served as secretary of commerce in the final months of the Clinton administration and Bush, who came to office on a promise to "change the tone" in Washington and eager to have a Democrat in his cabinet, asked Mineta to serve as secretary of transportation.

Mineta spent much of the morning at Cheney's side, scrawling notes on a white legal pad with a blue, felt-tip pen. Together with Cheney and National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice, he spent the morning trying to track planes by their tail numbers to determine how many might have been a part of the plot. Eventually, Mineta directed that all aircraft be grounded. "Screw pilot discretion," he would later recall saying, "Bring 'em all down." At 9:49 A.M.—11 minutes after American Airlines Flight 77 plowed into the Pentagon—the Federal Aviation Administration carried out Mineta's order.

Cheney took his place at the center of the table, just below the presidential seal. Not long after he sat down, at 9:58 A.M., the small group in the bunker watched as the south tower crumbled, floor after floor, sending a massive cloud of smoke and debris that chased terrified New Yorkers throughout lower Manhattan. One of the signature landmarks of the New York City skyline was gone, and with it, hundreds or perhaps thousands of lives. In the chaos of the previous hour, it had never crossed Cheney's mind that the towers would crumble. He remembers being surprised. "I think everybody was," he would say later. "I think Osama bin Laden was."

Moments later Cheney spoke to Bush for the third time. The Secret Service had told Cheney that another aircraft was rapidly approaching Washington, D.C. The combat air patrol had been scrambled to patrol the area. We have a

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decision to make, Cheney told the president: Should we give the pilots an order authorizing them to shoot down civilian aircraft that could be used to conduct further attacks in Washington? Cheney told Bush that he supported such a directive. The president agreed.

Within minutes, Cheney was told that an unidentified aircraft was 80 miles outside of Washington. "We were all dividing 80 by 500 miles an hour to see what the windows were," Scooter Libby would later say. A military aide asked Cheney for authorization to take out the aircraft.

Cheney gave it without hesitating.

The military aide seemed surprised that the answer came so quickly. He asked again, and Cheney once again gave the authorization.

AFP / Getty Images / Stan Honda

At Ground Zero: Cheney gets a tour from Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, October 18, 2001.

The military aide seemed to think that because Cheney had answered so quickly, he must have misunderstood the question. So he asked the vice president a third time.

"I said yes," Cheney said, not angrily but with authority.

"He was very steady, very calm," says Josh Bolten, then deputy White House chief of staff. "He clearly had been through crises before and did not appear to be in shock like many of us."

Cheney says there wasn't time to consider the gravity of the order he had just communicated. It was "just bang, bang, bang," says Cheney, one life-or-death decision after another.

The entire room paused after Cheney had given the final order as the gravity of his order became clear. At 10:18 A.M., Bolten suggested that Cheney notify the president that he had communicated the "shoot-down" order. Shortly after Cheney hung up, the officials in the bunker were advised that a plane had crashed in Pennsylvania.

Everyone had the same question, says Rice. "Was it down because it had been shot down or had it crashed?" Rice and Cheney were both filled with "intense emotion," she recalls, because they both made the same assumption. "His first thought, my first thought—we had exactly the same reaction—was it must have been shot down by the fighters. And you know, that's a pretty heady moment, a pretty heavy burden."

Both Rice and Cheney worked the phones in a desperate search for more information. "We couldn't get an answer from the Pentagon," says Rice. They kept trying.

"You must know," Rice insisted in one phone call to the Pentagon. "I mean, you must know!"

Cheney, too, was exasperated. We have to know whether we actually engaged and shot down a civilian aircraft, he said, incredulously. They did not. For several impossible minutes, Cheney believed that a pilot following his orders had brought down a plane full of civilians in rural Pennsylvania. Even then, he had no regrets.

> It had to be done. It was a—once you made the decision, once the plane became hijacked, even if it had a load of passengers on board who, obviously, weren't part of any hijacking attempt, once it was hijacked, and having seen what had happened in New York and the Pentagon, you really didn't have any choice. It wasn't a close call. I think a lot of people emotionally look at that and say, my gosh, you just shot down a planeload of Americans. On the other hand, you maybe saved thousands of lives. And so it was a matter that required a decision, that required action. It was the right call.

At 10:28, the north tower collapsed. The frenzy in the bunker came to a halt and, but for an occasional whisper, the room went silent. On the television, one floor after another gave way, a bit of order amidst the catastrophe. The building must have been charged, thought David Addington, counsel to the vice president, who was standing against the outer wall of the bunker.

Cheney, seated at the conference table, stared at the screen. Bolten and Mineta stood behind him to his left,

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Libby and Rice to his right. All wore virtually the same stunned expressions.

But the group in the bunker had little time to reflect on the tragedy. Two minutes later came yet another warning: An unidentified aircraft was in flight less than 10 miles out. Cheney again gave the order to shoot it down.

They waited for news. None came.

At 10:39 A.M., Cheney spoke to Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld for the first time. He reviewed the events of the past hour.

"There's been at least three instances here where we've had reports of aircraft approaching Washington," said Cheney. "A couple were confirmed hijack. And, pursuant to the president's instructions I gave authorization for them to be taken out."

There was quiet on the other end of the line.

"Hello?"

"Yes, I understand," Rumsfeld came back. "So we've got a couple aircraft up there that have those instructions at this present time?"

"That is correct," said Cheney. "And it's my understanding they've already taken a couple aircraft out."

"We can't confirm that," Rumsfeld told his former aide. "We're told that one aircraft is down but we do not have a pilot report that did it."

It was mid-morning before Cheney finally spoke to Dennis Hastert, an old friend now serving as speaker of the House. Hastert had been moved some twelve miles to Andrews Air Force base despite citywide traffic gridlock. Cheney briefed his friend. "We talked, but it wasn't a long conversation," says Hastert. "You know, Dick never talks for very long about anything. So he gave me the facts and what I needed to know and he gave me a review of what planes they thought might be still in the air that they thought might be dangerous."

Cheney talked to Hastert about presidential succession. "You had the president on the ground in Florida and then in the air in Florida," recalls Hastert, "so the Constitutional line had to be kept in order."

Bush had left Florida almost immediately after his first brief statement to the press at 9:30 A.M. White House staffers aboard Air Force One were not told where they were going. Reporters traveling with the president calculated that the plane was flying in circles because the televisions on board received a strong enough signal that the passengers could watch the local Fox affiliate for almost an hour with good reception.

In reality, Bush flew west to Barksdale Air Force Base in Shreveport, Louisiana. He spoke to Cheney several times on a secure line, reiterating his desire to return to Washington. Cheney, backed by other senior officials and the Secret Service, continued to advise against it.

The attempt to keep Bush away from Washington would be one of the few decisions that day to draw immediate criticism. "President Bush made an initial mistake," presidential historian Robert Dallek told Susan Page of *USA Today*. "The president's place is back in Washington."

In an interview two months later, Cheney dismissed the criticism. "That's crap," said Cheney. "This is not about appeasing the press or being the macho guy who is going to face down danger. You don't think in those personal terms. . . . This is about preserving and protecting the presidency. His importance lies in the office he holds."

The president addressed the nation again at 12:36 P.M. His first statement, some three hours earlier, had come off as limp and inadequate. "Terrorism will not stand," he had said, before promising an investigation to find "those folks who committed this act." Much had happened since—the attack on the Pentagon, the plane crash in Pennsylvania, the collapse of both World Trade Center towers.

Back in the White House, the national security team watched from the bunker as Bush spoke. His forceful two-minute speech early that afternoon gave the American public its first hint of the broader war to come. "The United States," he declared, "will hunt down and punish those responsible for these cowardly acts." Several officials continued to monitor the TVs after Bush was finished.

The television reporting throughout the day proved invaluable. For much of the day, the team in the bunker experienced 9/11 as much of America did: through TV. Watching the uninterrupted coverage not only provided new and timely information, it also allowed officials in the bunker to understand what exactly the American people were seeing as they designed their public response. The TVs also were the source of considerable frustration. Although the two televisions on the wall could be tuned to different channels, only one of them was processing audio. On several occasions, the officials could see notices of "breaking news" without being able to hear the details. According to one official in the room, Cheney was "cranked up" about the technical problems and repeatedly demanded that they be fixed. They weren't.

Shortly after Bush's speech, the White House operator sent a call from the Federal Reserve to the communications team in the bunker: Alan Greenspan, Cheney's good friend from the Ford administration, was stuck in Switzerland. The chairman of the Federal Reserve had been on his way home from a meeting of central bankers in Basel when all aircraft bound for the United States were rerouted. So it was back to Basel. Cheney wanted Greenspan back home as soon as possible. The panic following the terrorist attacks could spell disaster for the U.S. economy, and Greenspan was widely considered a calming influence on the markets. Cheney asked Addington to make arrangements with

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the Pentagon to have Greenspan flown back to the United States the next day.

The conference table in the bunker became cluttered with pens and paper, platters of sandwiches and cookies, a thermal coffee dispenser and cups, bottles of water, and cans of Diet Coke.

As the afternoon wore on, Condoleezza Rice noticed that Cheney hadn't eaten anything. "You haven't had any lunch," she said to the vice president. As soon as she said it she realized that it probably sounded odd. "I thought, 'Where did that come from? What a strange thing to say in the middle of this crisis.'"

A "secure, undisclosed location"

Shortly after 10:00 P.M., Cheney, along with his wife and top two aides—Libby and Addington—walked back upstairs from the bunker and out the diplomatic entrance of the White House to the South Lawn, where Marine Two, the vice president's helicopter, was waiting. Joined by three Secret Service officials, a military aide, a communications expert, and Cheney's doctor, they took off under cover of darkness, an unusual precaution. The departure itself was a violation of longstanding protocol: No one takes off from the South Lawn other than the president. Their destination was kept from all but a handful of the most senior White House officials.

Cheney had been aboard many such helicopter flights over the course of his long career, but this was the first time he had flown without a president aboard. With those small changes would come bigger ones.

The helicopter flew over the Pentagon. Dozens of mobile light towers illuminated the deep gash across the façade of the massive building. Smoke continued to billow out of the hole. "The headquarters of the U.S. military is still smoking, and we're flying over on our way to hide the vice president," Addington thought. "My God, we're evacuating the vice president from Washington, D.C., because we've been attacked."

Addington and Libby, sitting across from one another, exchanged a knowing look. "We'd both had these important government jobs over our career, and part of the job was paying attention to doomsday scenarios," says Addington. The unthinkable was suddenly reality.

Less than thirty minutes later, another tradition was discarded when Cheney and his family settled into the Aspen Lodge at Camp David, the facility typically reserved for the president. It would be the first of many nights Cheney would spend in a series of "secure, undisclosed locations." That phrase was used so frequently in media reports on the vice president's whereabouts that it became a staple of late-night television humor. In reality, "secure undisclosed location" was the generic description for anywhere Cheney stayed. Most often, this was Camp David, the heavily forested presidential retreat in the mountains of western Maryland. But there would be other locations over the next several months. From day to day, only a handful of senior White House officials knew where Cheney would be hidden.

Liz Cheney and her young family joined her father and mother at Camp David. Mary, who had been scuba diving in the Caribbean with her partner Heather Poe, was under the protection of her Secret Service detail.

Liz and her parents gathered in the living room of the Aspen Lodge. For several hours, into the early morning of Wednesday, they sat quietly around the television and watched again the images from the day. For Cheney, it was his first opportunity to reflect.

"Having spent all day in the bunker, watching the towers fall and so forth, the president comes back, NSC meeting, president speaks, getting on the helicopter and flying out, looking down on the Pentagon as we left, smoking, lights on it and so forth, and then flying up to Camp David and going to Aspen. And I remember sitting in the living room there, turning on the television, watching the reruns, and I suppose that was the moment, as much as any, that it really hit home what the country had been through that day."

Mistakes in Iraq

In Iraq, in the fall of 2003, the teams assigned to find and secure Saddam Hussein's WMD stockpiles had little to show for their efforts. That failure was eroding domestic support for the war and beginning to chip away at the credibility of the U.S. government overseas. The insurgency, once understood as a small number of "dead-enders," was proving particularly stubborn in its efforts against U.S. troops and, more frequently, Iraqis themselves.

The vice president had grown increasingly concerned about the level of violence in Iraq over the eight months since the U.S. invasion. As usual, he said little in National Security Council meetings and saved his advice for one-on-one meetings with the president. Occasionally, however, other meeting participants or members of his staff got a window into his thinking on an issue. Sometimes it would be the way he phrased a question or framed an issue. At other times he would simply share his views in the course of a conversation. Those instances were rare, however, particularly in discussions about postwar Iraq. The NSC and principals committee (the top members of the war cabinet) conducted regular video teleconferences with Baghdad to assess the progress and the difficulties.

"Cheney's style, at least insofar as I saw it in those meetings, was to ask questions and not—he didn't really reveal

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his hand," says L. Paul Bremer, who served as the head of the Coalition Provisional Authority (CPA) in Iraq after the invasion. "He did not very often say, 'This is what I think we should do.' It's not his style. His style is more Socratic."

Cheney broke character in a conversation with Bremer in early November, after a bloody end to October. On October 26, 2003, terrorists fired 40 French and Russian antitank missiles at the al Rashid Hotel, temporary home to many senior CPA officials and, on that night, to Paul Wolfowitz, deputy secretary of defense. Wolfowitz narrowly escaped injury, but others in the building were not as lucky. There were several serious injuries and Lieutenant Colonel Charles H. Buehring Jr., a top communications adviser to Bremer, was killed.

The next day, insurgents conducted simultaneous bombings of four buildings in Baghdad, three police stations and the headquarters of the Red Cross. The attackers used decoy vehicles ahead of trucks carrying 1,000 pounds of explosives, as was characteristic of al Qaeda attacks. Less than a week later, insurgents brought down a Chinook helicopter near Falluja, killing 17 U.S. soldiers and wounding several others. The number of daily attacks had tripled from 12 to 36 since the spring. There would be nearly as many casualties in October and November as there had been in the preceding four months combined.

On November 6, Bremer called from Baghdad for Scooter Libby. Cheney's chief of staff was not available and Bremer was surprised when the vice president himself picked up the phone. Bremer shared his concerns about the deteriorating security situation.

"Mr. Vice President, in my view we do not have a military strategy for victory in Iraq," he said. "It seems to me that our policy is driven more by our troop rotation schedule than by a strategy to win." Bremer said he was particularly concerned about the talk of lowering troop levels and replacing American soldiers with poorly trained Iraqis. "The impression may well be growing among the insurgents that we won't stay the course," he warned.

According to Bremer's notes from the call, Cheney agreed. "I've been asking the same question," he said. "What's our strategy to win? My impression is that the Pentagon's mindset is that the war's over and they're now in the 'mopping up' phase. They fail to see that we're in a major battle against terrorists in Iraq and elsewhere."

Cheney doesn't remember the conversation with Bremer. But his concern is consistent with the recollections of his staff. The vice president regularly asked why the bureaucracies—the CIA and the Pentagon—were not devoting more resources to understanding the insurgency and coming up with new ways to defeat it. He was rarely happy with the answers.

The vexing security problems contributed to the political difficulties of postwar Iraq. But there were other reasons for those political problems, Cheney thought, including some that he traced back to decisions he had supported more than a decade earlier.

On February 15, 1991, George H.W. Bush had urged Iraqis to overthrow Saddam Hussein. "There's another way for the bloodshed to stop," Bush had said. "And that is for the Iraqi military and the Iraqi people to take matters into their hands, to force Saddam Hussein, the dictator, to step aside and to comply with the United Nations resolutions and then rejoin the family of peace-loving nations." Shortly afterwards there had been an abortive uprising of Iraq's Shiites, brutally wiped out by Saddam.

Those comments and the subsequent failure of the United States to support the rebellion would have lasting consequences. "The Shia had been treated for centuries as second-class citizens, governed by the Sunnis, and in recent decades the Baathists, under Saddam Hussein. They had been encouraged, in '91, to rise up, and did, and were slaughtered for their troubles. Nobody came to their assistance," Cheney says.

Many Iraqis assumed that the United States refused to remove Saddam Hussein after the first Gulf war because the United States wanted him to remain in power. Americans, in that view, were the willful enablers of the man who brutalized them for decades. "I think there are many Shia who still, to this day, aren't convinced we're going to stay the course, that we're going to get the job done."

Earning their trust would be critical to American success in Iraq. From the days immediately following the 9/11 attacks Cheney had spoken of the importance of "getting the locals into the fight." Sometimes he meant it literally—the Northern Alliance battling the Taliban and al Qaeda in Afghanistan. Other times it was figurative—the willingness of the Saudi regime to get serious about fighting Islamic radicals following a bombing in Riyadh in May 2003.

In Iraq, Cheney thought it important to establish Iraqi political legitimacy as soon as possible. Before the war, Pentagon planners had discussed bringing a government-in-waiting to Iraq to run the country after Saddam Hussein had been removed from power. The idea met stiff resistance at the State Department and the CIA, who worried that the Iraqi people would be skeptical of leaders handpicked by the United States, and consisted mainly of Iraqi exiles. Cheney understood their concerns but the idea still held a certain crawl-before-you-walk appeal. A provisional Iraqi government, even an imperfect one, could help convince Iraqis that the U.S. government was serious when it promised to send a liberating force, not an occupying one.

But if Cheney was skeptical of the CPA while it was operating, Bremer never saw it. "He was generally supportive of my view on how we had to go forward. I didn't get

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a sense that he was sort of working in a different direction. I don't know—there's all kinds of stories around all the time about how the people on his staff were working with the neocons at the Pentagon," he says. "I don't have any firsthand knowledge of that. It's possible. I never saw it from Cheney. He was always very supportive of what we were trying to do."

On June 28, 2004, the Coalition Provisional Authority handed power to an interim Iraqi government in a secret ceremony announced only after the transfer was completed. Although the handover marked the official end of American rule in Iraq, it would not mean an end to the violence that had beleaguered the country for more than a year.

For Cheney, the handover did not come soon enough. He had been concerned that a long-term U.S. occupation of Iraq would breed resentment among the Iraqi populace, and by the summer of 2004 his concerns had been realized.

Getty / Brendan Smialowski

Mrs. Thatcher and the Cheneys, south lawn of the White House, Sept. 11, 2006

In retrospect, he says, the mechanism for U.S. governance in postwar Iraq was a failure. "I think we should have probably gone with the provisional government of Iraqis from the very outset, maybe even before we launched. I think the Coalition Provisional Authority was a mistake, wasted valuable time."

Was Iraq tougher than he had thought it would be?

> Yes, that's true. . . . The notion that somehow we've got to get across to people is they just cannot think of this as a conventional war. This is not Desert Storm. It's not Korea. It's not World War II. This is a struggle that's going to go on in that part of the world for decades. I don't know that you're going to be involved for Iraq for decades; I don't want to say that. But just think about it. We just have to have people understand that, and understand that the alternative is not peace.
>
> The alternative is not, we go back to the way the world was before 9/11. You can't turn back the clock. . . . There's always a possibility that maybe the next president you elect decides they don't want to continue the policy and so they adopt the other approach, the one that failed before 9/11. And I think to some extent the terrorists are betting that they can run out the clock on the Bush-Cheney administration and that it will be easier for them in the future because they won't face the kind of determined action that this administration has taken to take them on, to take the fight to them, to put in place first-rate defenses here at home, to do all those things we've done that have kept us safe and secure for the last five years.

"The ones who were lost"

September 11, 2006, brought the fifth anniversary of the 9/11 attacks that had shaped the Bush administration. President Bush was in New York for much of the day, so the vice president represented the administration at commemorations at the White House and the Pentagon.

In all of his interviews after 9/11, Cheney had refused to talk about how those attacks had affected him personally. In some cases, he deflected queries about his own emotions by providing a policy response. In others, he simply ignored the question.

The day started the same way Inauguration Day had started almost six years earlier: with a church service at St. John's Episcopal Church. On this day, like that one, a cool rain fell. Streets were closed for blocks. Bomb-sniffing German shepherds inspected the outside of the small yellow building. One by one, cabinet secretaries strode by the small pool of reporters and photographers, most wearing somber expressions for the remembrance: Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, Attorney General Alberto Gonzales, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Alphonso Jackson, Director of the Office of Management and Budget Rob Portman. In an odd moment of incongruity, Secretary of Education Margaret Spellings smiled for the cameras and waved as if she were arriving at the Academy Awards.

The vice president and Mrs. Cheney arrived shortly before the service began. The vice presidential limousine was led by a policeman in full rain gear riding a Harley-Davidson and followed by three oversized black SUVs. They looked appropriately somber.

The service opened with readings by Attorney General Gonzales, the Reverend Kathleene Card, wife of White

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House chief of staff Andy Card, and Navy Commander David Tarantino. Tarantino, who had been in his office at the Pentagon when the plane crashed into the massive building, rescued a civilian trapped under debris in the Navy Command Center.

After the small congregation sang "Be Thou My Vision," the Reverend Luis León offered his personal recollections of the day, five years earlier. "All of the female staffers coming down 16th Street were running in high heels," he remembered. "And guys who haven't run since the high school track team were sprinting down the street." When he finished, the congregation joined him in singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

From there, Cheney made his way back to the White House to participate in a moment of silence at 8:46:26 A.M. Eastern Standard Time on the South Lawn, five years to the minute after American Airlines Flight 11 struck the north tower of the World Trade Center. As the Marine Corps Band played "Amazing Grace," the White House staff formed two lines arcing out from the doors to the South Lawn. In one line stood well-groomed cabinet secretaries and their spouses, most of them wearing expensive-looking black suits and coats. In the other, facing this collection of the nation's most powerful, were National Park Service groundskeepers who had probably worked overtime to prepare the grounds for the short ceremony. They were a disheveled bunch, with dirt visible on their olive green uniforms even from a distance. One man nervously combed his tousled hair with his hands after he removed his cap out of respect for the flag. They stood tall and seemed to be proud of their contributions. Journalists looking for a poignant moment on this solemn day had found one.

Cheney escorted his wife and former British prime minister Margaret Thatcher down the aisle created by the two lines. Lady Thatcher had been in town for another event and asked the White House to include her in the commemoration ceremonies. Cheney regarded Thatcher as a hero and was eager to accommodate her request. As the United States contemplated military action after Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, Thatcher had famously told George H.W. Bush not to go "wobbly" in his response. Now, at 80, Thatcher seemed unsure of her footing as she walked slowly down the grass pathway, clinging tightly to Cheney's arm. Finally, everyone was in place.

Then, silence.

After one minute, a lone bugler played "Taps." The ceremony was over.

Cheney was rushed off to his waiting limousine and his entourage—Secret Service, staff, photographers, and reporters—scrambled to keep up. A long line of black vehicles snaked its way from the White House along the Mall, past the Washington Monument and over the Potomac River, zipping past traffic left over from the morning rush hour that had been blocked to allow the vice president to pass.

The ceremony on the Pentagon's River Parade grounds began at precisely 9:37 A.M. The proceedings were marked by a solemnity befitting the occasion. Many in the audience looked skyward as an airplane roared overhead on its departure from Reagan National Airport, just two miles away, a powerful if unintentional reminder of the attacks. A massive American flag was unfurled from the roof of the Pentagon, released by the men who famously did the same thing five years earlier.

Peter Pace, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, spoke first. Rumsfeld followed, and Cheney spoke last. A light rain began to fall as the vice president opened his remarks.

"The ones who were lost," he said, had begun their day "busy with life."

> They had people who cared about them, people who depended on them, people who loved the sight of their face and the sound of their voice. They were unsuspecting of danger and undeserving of their fate. Each one of them had hopes and plans for the future. . . . From two miles away, an Army chief warrant officer, whose wife worked in this building, saw the fire and ran to the scene. He joined in the rescue effort, and stayed in the work even after learning his wife could not possibly have survived.

Cheney stopped briefly. He was obviously moved.

> We know of these and so many similar acts of courage and kindness on that terrible morning. Other stories, we will never know. Surely men and women here, and aboard Flight 77, were in their last moments holding and comforting one another. And when we think of them, it will always be with a special feeling of empathy and sorrow.

As Cheney spoke these words, he looked out at the families of the ones who were lost. Many of them, holding and comforting one another, looked back at him, their faces streaked with tears. A burly Army Ranger stood alone next to the holding area for the press, crying silently as he listened.

> We will always understand the pain of their families. And our nation will forever look with reverence upon their place—this place where there lives ended.

And then Cheney paused, his words and his emotions tangled in his throat. He started to speak and then, choking back tears, stopped again. Reporters exchanged quick glances as if to confirm that they were seeing what they thought they were seeing.

For the man who had repeatedly evaded questions about how those attacks affected him personally, this was his answer. ♦

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Bettmann / Corbis

The coronation of William III and Mary II

Glorious, Indeed

What the English Revolution of 1688 meant BY GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

Michael Barone is a distinguished political analyst, commentator, journalist, and occasional historian, the author of two books on recent American history. He has now ventured on a subject that is more than three centuries and a full continent removed from his normal habitat. Even more venturesome, he is invading the turf of professional historians, including the most venerable and awesome of them all, Thomas Babington Macaulay. Barone's present work is not only on the subject Macaulay made his own, the English Revolution of 1688-89—on a much, much smaller scale, to be sure; Barone's fewer than 250 pages of text compared with Macaulay's five volumes, each more than twice that length—it is also (and this is no less daring) in the narrative mode of Macaulay's work.

Our First Revolution
The Remarkable British Upheaval That Inspired America's Founding Fathers
by Michael Barone
Crown, 352 pp., $25.95

In academia today, narrative history is as unfashionable as Macaulay himself. It is said to "privilege" political events over the social and economic forces that truly drive history, and, worse still, to privilege the individuals and elites that happen to dominate politics over the "anonymous" masses that are, or should be, the proper subjects of history—"history from below," as is said. The public has no such qualms. The histories that grace the bestseller lists are, for the most part, narratives, written by nonacademics and a few dissident academics. Barone's book is unashamedly and unapologetically in this genre. It is a detailed chronological narrative of the events (political, diplomatic, military) and the individuals (high-born and high-powered) that contributed to the English Revolution—a tale well told.

Gertrude Himmelfarb is the author, most recently, of The Moral Imagination: From Edmund Burke to Lionel Trilling.

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The title *Our First Revolution* is doubly provocative. "Our" refers not to England (whose revolution is the subject of the book) but to America, for whom 1688-89 was, according to Barone, the "founding event." But he makes it "their"—England's—"first revolution" as well, denying that distinction to the dramatic (revolutionary, one might think) events of 1641-60, complete with a regicide, a republic, radical ideologies, and massive deaths. Barone cites the astonishing statistics: 190,000 deaths in England, 3.7 percent of the population, a higher proportion than in either World War I or World War II; 60,000 in Scotland, 6 percent of the population; and 660,000 in Ireland, 41 percent of the population! (These figures include deaths from disease and starvation as well as battle casualties.) This is the first of the many curiosities that enliven this book: the bestowing of the term revolution, as an honorific, to a brief and relatively bloodless affair, the "Glorious Revolution," rather than to the prolonged and bloody period known as the "Civil War."

Another curiosity is the crucial role played by foreign affairs and foreign powers in this English Revolution, so that a good part of the narrative takes us abroad to the Netherlands and France. If religion was the primary cause of the revolution—James II's attempts to subvert the Church of England by suspending the penal laws against Catholics and appointing them to public office (he himself having been converted to Catholicism long before he became king)—the exacerbating factor was his alliance with Catholic France in the war against the Protestant Netherlands. It was the need to finance the war that gave Parliament the opportunity to support the Church, challenge the king, and thus play into the hands of William of Orange, the ruler of the Netherlands. William had every interest in joining the fray. First, because of the war itself, which had a religious as well as an imperial dimension (the Netherlands, with a population one-tenth that of France, was the only Protestant power to resist Catholic France); and not incidentally because, as the husband of Mary Stuart, James's daughter, he had good reason to aspire to the throne of England.

Or at least, he had good reason to do so until June 1688 when, three years after James II's ascension to the throne, the queen gave birth to a son, thus displacing Mary (and William) as the presumptive heir. In England, Parliament and Protestants had even more cause for anxiety as they contemplated a succession of Catholic monarchs. (The deaths in infancy of the queen's earlier children and her repeated miscarriages fanned rumors that the new child was "suppositious," not really the queen's.) Six months later, William, abetted by the Whigs and even some Tories, invaded England. After feeble and futile attempts to ward off the invasion (Barone's chapter is called "The Civil War that Did Not Happen"), James took refuge in France with the queen and child. He returned once in a brief attempt to rally his forces, and when that failed, escaped again—with William's connivance, it was thought.

By mid-December William was installed in St. James's Palace. Three months later, after repeated compromises by both Houses, and the intervention of William himself, Parliament issued and William agreed to what became known as the "Declaration of Rights," which set down the conditions under which William and Mary became king and queen. That Declaration, officially passed as a statute with royal approval in December 1689, bore the title "An Act Declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, and Settling the Succession of the Crown." It itemized the dozen ways in which James had tried to "subvert and extirpate the Protestant religion and the laws and liberties of this kingdom." Some involved the usurpation of Parliament's rights: suspending and executing laws, levying money, keeping a standing army and quartering soldiers, creating an ecclesiastical commission, all without the consent of Parliament.

Others were violations of individual rights: disarming Protestants and arming Papists, violating the freedom of parliamentary elections, abusing the judicial system, exacting excessive fines, and imposing illegal and cruel punishments. Another list asserted the "ancient rights and liberties" of Parliament; these were essentially the obverse of the abuses.

James, the Declaration made clear, had not only acted "utterly and directly contrary to the known laws and statutes and freedom of this realm," he had also "abdicated the government," making the throne "thereby vacant." That vacancy was thus filled by the Prince of Orange, whom "it hath pleased Almighty God to make the glorious instrument of delivering this kingdom from popery and arbitrary power." (This may be the inspiration for the term "Glorious Revolution," which came into usage almost immediately.) The Declaration went on to specify the line of succession: William and Mary were to have the crown during their lifetimes, after which it would pass to the queen's heirs and, in default of such heirs, to her sister Anne and her heirs. Only in the lack of the latter would it revert to the offspring of William (from a second marriage). Thus, the House of Orange was installed in England, but only partially and temporarily. It was in accord with these terms that, on William's death in 1702, Anne Stuart succeeded to the throne.

Reading Barone's account of the events leading up to the Declaration, and reading the document itself in the appendix, one might conclude that if the military phase of the revolution was a "civil war that did not happen," so the parliamentary phase might suggest a "revolution that did not happen." The Declaration echoed the assertions made in and out of Parliament that James had "abdicated." He had not been deposed, let alone executed (as Charles I had been in 1649). The statements of grievances and rights were couched in terms of "known laws" and "ancient rights and liberties." Again, it was James who had violated those laws and Parliament that was affirming old rights, not claiming new ones (certainly nothing like natural rights). And it was not religious liberty but a Church establishment that was being defended against James. In a sense, it

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was James who was promoting religious liberty by opening the door to Catholics and even Dissenters. Finally, the new regime itself was not really new; Mary was, after all, James II's daughter, a legitimate Stuart, and William was co-monarch only because he was Mary's husband.

This was the revolution—a restoration more than a revolution—that Edmund Burke so eloquently memorialized. On the centenary of the English Revolution, in the shadow of the French Revolution that had just taken place—a revolution that was indeed a revolution—Burke was moved to reflect upon his country's very different revolution. Quoting the title of the English Declaration, he italicized the words "settling" and "succession." The rights and succession, he pointed out, were "declared in one body, and bound indissolubly together."

Against those of his own countrymen (Richard Price, most notably, but his remarks apply to Thomas Paine as well) who were celebrating the English Revolution as having given the people the right to "choose our own governors, to cashier them for misconduct, and to form a government for ourselves"—in effect, to "elect our kings" —Burke insisted that the English had, in fact, renounced that right "for themselves, and for all their posterity for ever." The Revolution was "a parent of settlement, and not a nursery of future revolutions." It was made "to preserve our *ancient* indisputable laws and liberties, and that *ancient* constitution of government which is our only security for law and liberty" ("ancient," again, italicized). This was the "pedigree of our liberties" which had come down to the English as an "inheritance," a "hereditary title"—an "*entailed inheritance*," moreover, that they could not abdicate.

Burke's name does not appear in Barone's book—for good reason. Burke's revolution is not Barone's because the latter sees it in the context not of the French Revolution but of the American Revolution. And for the Americans, it was a revolution, their first revolution. In one sense, even in this reading, the American Revolution would appear to be a conservative revolution. The Americans were only claiming the rights and liberties that were theirs by virtue of their English heritage. They were abiding by the settlement of 1688; it was the English Parliament, having become corrupt and tyrannical, that was violating that settlement. Yet in appealing to that settlement, Barone claims, the Americans were affirming the principle that was revolutionary for England and for America alike: the principle of "parliamentary sovereignty, which is to say representative government."

Oddly enough, in spite of the title, the American Revolution occupies little space in the book: the opening paragraphs in which the English Revolution appears as a "glowing example" for the American Founders (as it was also a "founding event" for the British) and half-a-dozen pages toward the end where the settlement is said to provide a "template for the colonial rebels." Apart from the crucial idea of parliamentary sovereignty, the English Declaration of Rights, Barone points out, inspired key provisions of the American Bill of Rights: Amendments about the bearing of arms, the quartering of troops, searches and seizures, self-incrimination, jury trials, and cruel and unusual punishments—but nothing, he adds, about freedom of religion, freedom of expression, or freedom of the press.

"The new nation would have no monarchy or titled nobility, no religious tests for public office, and no national established church," writes Barone. He does not mention other not inconsiderable departures from the English model, such as a written constitution and a system of checks and balances designed precisely to limit parliamentary sovereignty. Nor does he mention the *Federalist Papers*, which encapsulate so much of the spirit and substance of the American Revolution and for which there was no equivalent in England.

Most conspicuously, the English model differed from the American on the subject of religion. If the English settlement was "a step forward for religious liberty," as Barone says, it was, as he also makes clear, "a very limited advance," certainly not religious liberty as the Americans understood it. The Toleration Act of 1689 removed the penalties imposed on those Dissenters who accepted the Trinity but did not attend Church of England services, but it did not admit even them to public office, and it retained the penalties for non-Trinitarians. (Not until the mid-19th century were the restrictions on Catholics, Dissenters, and Jews lifted.)

In two other areas, Barone attributes to the English a revolutionary impact upon America and the world. These emerged not in the revolution itself but in its aftermath. They were, as the title of his final chapter puts it, "Revolutionary Reverberations." Both were outcomes of the war with France that William pursued so energetically during much of the 1690s. The first was financial: the funding of the national debt and the establishment of the Bank of England, which enabled England to finance the war and had the more important result of making London the financial center of Europe (supplanting, ironically, Amsterdam, William's first domain). A century later Alexander Hamilton "consciously followed the example" of the English and adopted the same measures, to equally good effect, in America. (But he could have taken his example from the Dutch, who had established both the funded debt and the national bank almost a century earlier than the English.)

The second was the foreign policy implicit in the war. William may have waged the war against France partly to advance the cause of Protestantism, but in the process, he introduced a new principle in European affairs, the balance of power "against a hegemonic and tyrannical power," the model for the "anti-hegemonic foreign policy" that has guided both Britain and the United States until the present.

The English Revolution as America's "first revolution"—it is an intriguing idea and has caught the fancy of reviewers and publicists who make it sound as if that is the dominant theme of the book. But it does an injustice to a book that is only peripherally about America and is rather a

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valuable and most readable contribution to English history. In blessedly short space—short compared not only with Macaulay's five volumes but with most works of history—it depicts the reality of the English Revolution in all its particularity and complexity. This is not "Whig history" in the pejorative sense of that term, a history progressing neatly and assuredly, almost predictably and providentially, to its happy end of liberty, prosperity, and well-being. On the contrary, Barone repeatedly has occasion to remind us how "improbable" that end was. That word appears early in the book where the English Revolution is described as "a tremendously consequential event and a tremendously improbable one," and at the very end where that "improbable Revolution" is seen as "indispensable in bringing into being the world we live in today."

In the course of *Our First Revolution* we witness again and again the "accidents," "contingencies," and "improbabilities" that went into this fortuitous event. Indeed, the Revolution was so little inevitable, that having improbably happened, it could have been reversed: "Even after William III was installed as King, the success of his Revolution was still contingent. . . . The restoration of the Stuarts remained a lively possibility, and one sought by many in Britain, for more than fifty years after the coronation of William III & Mary II."

Happily, Barone hastens to add, the Revolution did endure.

This is the great virtue of narrative history; it comes as close to the existential reality as any history can. But it has its perils and limitations. It is not easy, in a rigorously chronological account, to make room for ideas that may have been as much the reality of history as laws and wars. John Locke, for example, earns exactly five citations in this book: three passing references to his name, two sentences in which he appears as the mentor of Lord Shaftesbury, the Whig notable, and one long sentence explaining that his *Two Treatises of Government*, often taken to justify the Revolution, had actually been written in 1683 in response to other events and had not been published until 1690. (Locke wrote it while he was living in the Netherlands, having taken refuge there with Shaftesbury, who had been accused of treason for, among other things, sponsoring legislation to exclude Catholics from the succession.)

But it was Locke himself, not later historians, who fostered the idea that the book was a defense of the Revolution. In the preface written after his return to England early in 1689 (in the company of Mary) he paid tribute to "our Great Restorer, Our present King William," who occupies the throne with "the Consent of the People," and to the People themselves, "whose love of their Just and Natural Rights . . . saved the nation when it was on the very brink of Slavery and Ruin."

Whatever its original intention, the *Two Treatises* was the most powerful philosophical rationale of the Revolution written at the time (and, probably, since), worthy, at the very least, of appearing in the final chapter together with the other "revolutionary reverberations." Certainly it deserves it for the sake of the American Revolution, where the Lockean ideas of natural rights, the right of property, civil society, the social contract, and the consent of the people played so prominent a part. The book may have been only a justification after the fact of the English Revolution, but it was surely a justification before the fact of the American Revolution. It also bears out Barone's thesis about the relation between the two revolutions. If Locke was not as influential in the American Revolution as some historians have made him out to be, he was influential enough. And he was an important link between the two revolutions—a common denominator, one might say.

There is one other ghost hovering over this book: Macaulay. This is even more curious, because in the acknowledgments at the very end, Barone tells us that 20 years ago, when he decided to write a narrative history (about 20th-century America), he bought, as a model for such a history, the five-volume set of Macaulay's *The History of England from the Accession of James II*. (The first volume had been published in 1849; the last, posthumously, in 1861.) With no prior knowledge of the period, Barone says, he found it difficult to keep the characters straight. But he was sufficiently interested in the subject to continue to read about it and, finally, to write about it. Yet except for a single three-word quotation from the *History* (cited by another historian) and a passing mention of his name, Macaulay and those five volumes are entirely missing from this book.

One can think of reasons for this lacuna: the assumption, perhaps, that modern scholarship has made Macaulay's *History* obsolete. Yet there are frequent quotations from Winston Churchill's book on his ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough (John Churchill), who played an important part in the Revolution; on the same grounds, that book, published in the 1930s, could also be said to have been superseded. Or it may be the disrepute in which Macaulay is now held, his "Whig interpretation of history" having been so thoroughly anathematized.

Yet Macaulay was not as naively or relentlessly Whiggish as he is often made out to be. In his statement of "purpose," in the opening pages of the *History*, he explained that he would trace the great achievement of the Revolution, the "auspicious union of order and freedom" that had resulted in unprecedented liberty and prosperity, in America as well as England. But he also felt it his duty "faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, and great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster." As if in anticipation of the later criticism of narrative history as being exclusively political, he announced that he would not treat merely "of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in parliament." Instead he would relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government: arts and literature, religion and manners, dress, furniture, amusements, and the like: "I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can

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succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors."

This is, indeed, what he did in his famous third chapter, "The State of England in 1685," over a hundred pages devoted to just those subjects enamored by social historians—population, occupations, the material and cultural conditions of life (roads and lighting, books and newspapers, the arts and sciences) as well as the various classes (agricultural laborers, factory workers, artisans, and paupers) who make up "the common people."

Apart from being an important historical source for the events of the Revolution (properly qualified and revised in the light of later scholarship), Macaulay, like Locke, is part of the history of the Revolution itself, of the national heritage. If, as Barone reminds us, the English Revolution is with us still—if we, in America as in England, enjoy the fruits of that Revolution—it is at least in part because we have inherited it from Macaulay. His bequest, to be sure, comes to us in somewhat tainted form. The fallacy of the "Whig interpretation" is its determinism, the assumption that law and liberty, enlightenment and prosperity, are the necessary and inevitable end-products of history. Today that critique has assumed a postmodernist dimension; it is not only the determinism that is called into question but the values themselves, which are said to be Eurocentric or ethnocentric, racist, sexist, elitist, or otherwise spurious and suspect. To bring Macaulay back into the picture, together with the Revolution that he celebrated (and, for generations of readers, perpetuated) is to reaffirm those values as part of the English and, hence, American tradition.

These are, in fact, the values that Barone derives from the English Revolution. His is Whig history in the best sense, a nondeterministic history that is properly appreciative of all the accidents and contingencies, complexities and idiosyncrasies encountered along the way—an improbable history culminating in that improbable event called, with good reason, the Glorious Revolution. ♦

Washed Ashore

The secret story of how Izzy became Richard.

BY EDITH ALSTON

In September 1940, Itzak Lejdel is one of 86 passengers stuck aboard the chartered steamship *Quanza*, docked south of Washington, somewhere along the Chesapeake Bay. The 17-year-old son of a Belgian glovemaker, Izzy is a polyglot lover of everything about America, especially its movies and its slang, and has been testing out a change of names for himself—to Sam, or Jack, or Fred, or Isaac Astaire—when he is approached by a passenger committee as the owner of the only typewriter available, and the one with the language skills to describe their plight.

Gamma / Anne Ki

Victoria Redel

The Border of Truth
by Victoria Redel
Counterpoint, 327 pp., $24.95

In August, with 317 passengers, the *Quanza* set out from Lisbon, away from the war spreading across Europe. On a ragged and uncertain voyage through the ports of New York and Vera Cruz, most have been allowed to disembark, but as the ship refuels for its return trip across the Atlantic, those still aboard lack landing visas that would allow them ashore. Without intervention they're about to be conveyed back to Europe and tipped into the cauldron of war.

With the brash charm of youth, Izzy takes his message straight to the top, writing to Eleanor Roosevelt, known even in Europe for her capacity to redirect her husband's attention toward issues he might prefer to overlook.

Not on board this voyage is the real-life Walter Benjamin, renowned German art critic, translator, and philosopher, who will die in his effort to escape Europe, in Spain, by suicide or possibly murder, by the end of this same month. Never an actual character in Redel's meshing of fiction with the facts surrounding the *Quanza* refugees, Benjamin presides over the novel as the ghostly arbiter of its truths, and an icon of social and moral loss.

In 2003, Sara Leader is a 41-year-old professor in New York City, working on a translation of Benjamin's essays. A thoroughly contemporary figure, Sara is single and stuck in a dead-end affair, but hoping to break her old patterns of noncommitment by adopting a child from overseas.

Spending her days over her words in the gracious atmosphere of the New York Society Library, Sara now and then walks the short distance to visit her father in the apartment where she grew up. Since the death of her mother, when Sara was 11, the two have enjoyed an easy companionship, and she sometimes stays long enough to share one of their favorite old movies.

A chance meeting in a furniture repair shop introduces Sara to the story of the *Quanza* through surviving refugees. And the man she has never known as Izzy, she has begun to realize,

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has not only a past but also a present that she knows nothing about, when the autobiographical sketch required for the adoption process leads her to realize the lifelong unspoken collusion in the many things between her and her father that she has agreed not to want to know.

In her work as well as her life around the city, Sara's thoughts grow increasingly intertwined with Benjamin's, as the tumult of Izzy's journey across Europe with his parents spills out through his letters to Mrs. Roosevelt, rife with adolescent awakening and bureaucratic entanglements, danger, and unexpected kindnesses intermixed with ruthlessness and greed. Threading through both narratives, as the identities of Itzak Lejdel and the aging Richard Leader merge, is the intensifying mystery of what happened to Izzy's mother, Sahra Lejdel, for whom Sara was named.

As little family history as Sara has ever known, she has always believed that her grandmother reached the States with her father. But writing aboard the *Quanza*, Izzy begins baring the thoughts of a survivor, suggesting to Mrs. Roosevelt what might always be an element of ruthlessness tied to luck; at one point he calls himself Itzak the liar, "who broke a promise to my father." On her way to adoptive motherhood, Sara has found a promising new emotional path by the time she feels the weight of an unspoken past when her father, in an unguarded moment, comments on bureaucratic procedures: "You don't know who's finally giving the stamp."

With the voice of a forties radio show, Izzy is the striving and charmingly ingenuous new immigrant of his time, setting off a few contemporary bells about condescension and political correctness. It takes a while to appreciate the author's choice in this, but the moment does come, when a jaded Sara compares Izzy's life-rattling escape across Europe to the spirit-deadening earnestness of New Yorkers pushing their way out of Manhattan every Friday night through weekend traffic jams.

But spanning events of 60 years, her redemptive view remains remote. No character makes a choice here as horrific as Sophie's, and no list here is as freighted as Schindler's. There was apparently a genuine legal drama in the last-ditch effort made to get the *Quanza* passengers ashore, and the resistance to helping them put up by the State Department was apparently despicable —a play out of the Playwrights' Theatre in Chicago, *Steamship Quanza*, has been built around this—before every passport was stamped, finally, with the 60-day landing visa that could stretch into a lifetime of safety. Here, though, such details are only lightly touched on, and the actual role played by Mrs. Roosevelt dissolves in a poetic cloud.

Basing her story on the life of her father, Victoria Redel is concerned less with the transition of all the Itzak Lejdels into Richard Leader than the degree of personal transgression that lies along the shifting border of truth when a child seeks out the real history of her parents. Ultimately, Sara does find what she needs to know. ♦

The Nazino File

A vision of Hell from the Soviet archives.

BY GRAEME WOOD

As a general rule, a name like "Cannibal Island" spells doom for property values. But Nazino, in western Siberia, is so naturally awful that even the grimmest name can't make it sound much worse than it really is. An account from the early 1930s described the region as "an immense marshy plain . . . covered with an impenetrable tangle of brush. As for the rare meadows, they are under water until mid-July." The summers, though a brief deliverance from the subzero winters, brought dense clouds of mosquitoes and biting flies. Malaria was endemic, and among forced settlers in 1932, infants died at a rate of 10 percent per month, compared with 10 percent per *year* in Somalia today.

Cannibal Island
Death in a Siberian Gang
by Nicolas Werth
Translated by Steven Rendall
Princeton, 248 pp., $24.95

Nicolas Werth's excellent history of the Nazino gulag is a portrait of a place that went from terrible to unimaginable. By 1933, before Nazino's gulag opened, Soviet authorities had already spent four years shipping the vestiges of the prosperous peasant class to Siberia and, generally, to their deaths. But Stalin pronounced the revolution incomplete. The State's enemies had merely transmogrified, he said, from easily spotted kulaks into insidious saboteurs, rumormongers, and marginals known collectively as "déclassé elements."

These unlucky folk—who constituted the bulk of Nazino's inmates—were plucked from city streets and sent to Siberia. Authorities snatched many of them and hustled them onto trains solely because they had forgotten their internal passports (an innovation introduced that year). The state also rounded up vagrants, beggars, and others viewed as parasites on Soviet society.

The plan's mastermind, Genrikh Iagoda, saw an attractive side benefit to "purifying" cities: Thousands of beggars and criminals could be dragooned

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into settling and subduing the Siberian wild as "labor colonists." The plan had predictable consequences. Officials in Siberia received only two days' notice that they would have to come up with food, medicine, dwellings, and jobs for a million new settlers. Already the region had reduced its unwilling residents to eating roots and carrion.

In 1931, a district near Nazino was gifted with 800 "socially dangerous" individuals, who arrived and were told simply to "live and prosper," with neither food nor jobs provided. They terrorized the locals, stealing boats to escape their wretched conditions, plundering local gardens and farms, and in general acting like extras from a zombie flick. Residents appealed for government protection. When no help came, they took it upon themselves to hunt down and kill the deportees.

Werth's history of Nazino summarizes this background in careful detail before describing the Nazino gulag, founded in 1933. On May 18, about 5,000 déclassé labor colonists, nearly all men, disembarked at Nazino, an island about half the size of Central Park. Their rations consisted of one large rotting pile of flour communally administered by a few guards, and no containers. The enterprising among them removed their hats and shirts and loaded them with a meager clump of flour—not that it mattered, since they were so crazed with hunger that they ate the flour raw and washed it down with the giardia-infested waters of the Ob and Nazina rivers. Diarrhea struck immediately.

Within two days, dozens had died, and the living feasted on their corpses. Visitors found bodies mutilated and stripped of their tenderest meat and organs, and caught settlers with human livers in their hands. The few guards lacked shoes, uniforms, and discipline, and were, said an official, "in no way distinguished from the déclassé elements they were supposed to monitor." The guards did, however, have rifles, and they eagerly extorted food and favors from their ragged charges. In one case, a guard fell in love with a pretty deportee and tried to protect her. When he returned from a short trip away, the other deportees had tied her to a poplar tree and, while she still lived, cut off her breasts and muscles for meat.

Weekly Standard map by Philip Chalk

Authorities found out that Nazino had gotten out of hand, and eventually they sent in guards to protect the nearby villagers from being overrun and devoured. But the initial reaction was denial. Officials insisted that rumors of a cannibalistic nightmare lacked foundation and were, by the way, seditious. They contended that those who resorted to eating the dead suffered from mental illness and were "cannibals by habit," rather than because the Soviet system had failed them.

In any case, cannibalism in Siberia was widespread enough to demand a special argot for prisoners who intended to devour their colleagues. The phrase "bleeding the cow" referred to the practice of inviting another prisoner to join an escape attempt, only so his fellow escapees could murder and eat him somewhere along the long trek to freedom.

Eventually, even the Soviet state couldn't ignore the disaster, and a commission convened to establish what had gone wrong. The commission's reports, excavated by Werth and the Russian scholar Sergei Krasilnikov from State, FSB, and presidential archives, form the basis of *Cannibal Island*. Like so many expeditions into Russian archives, Werth's digging through the history of déclassé deportations uncovers moments of obscene vileness—Molotov, Stalin's chief commissar, suggested tetchily that the deportees be made to pay for their own deportation—but also countless instances of gross incompetence that represent, if not a straightforward crime against humanity, at least a clear-cut case of criminal negligence against it.

The plan's own authors knew that their strategy was "grandiose," and they noted that the "settlement of two million almost completely deprived individuals in virgin territories" would require massive planning and funding, something the Soviet state could not possibly provide.

Werth writes that the planners harbored the same spirit of Siberian manifest destiny that Russian leaders had embraced since the time of the czar. But where the spirit was willing, the state apparatus was weak, and probably nothing could have saved the plan

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from disaster. In one wave of deportations, one out of five deportees was totally incapable of working—indeed, many appeared to have been selected because they were guaranteed not to survive the journey. The archives reveal deportees who were "invalids," "mentally retarded," and "decomposing semicadavers." One intended settler of the brutal Siberian outback, a 103-year-old man, could not stand, walk, or speak.

In a strong field, *Cannibal Island* is one of the grisliest and most unpleasant accounts of gulag life. Its author, best known as a contributor to the *Black Book of Communism* (1997), a book-length butcher's bill of communism's millions of victims worldwide, is among a cohort of historians who have provided a picture of Stalinism that matches in gruesomeness and exceeds in scholarly rigor the anthologies of rumor compiled by Robert Conquest before the opening of the archives in 1991.

Perhaps surprisingly, the disgorging of thousands of secret, yellowed documents since 1991 has not dramatically revised our understanding of what happened in the gulags. But shocking miniatures—Werth humbly calls his a "microhistorical effort"—are emerging more vivid than those we could reliably cite before. This one ranks as one of the more memorable exhibits in the Soviet gallery of horrors. ♦

Awe and Shock

Beauty, and the lack of it, in the life of art.

BY JOSEPH PHELAN

In one of his poems, Rainer Maria Rilke speaks of walking through an art gallery and suddenly coming upon an archaic statue. He explains that, although only a fragment, the torso of the god Apollo was so stunning that it somehow conveyed to the viewer with the shock of recognition—"You must change your life." Over the millennia, poets and visual artists have been aware of the powerful passions that beauty inspires. Beauty occupied a central place in both public and private life. Reflections on what it is and how it affects our sensibilities were always a part of the philosophical enterprise.

Only a Promise of Happiness
The Place of Beauty in a World of Art
by Alexander Nehamas
Princeton, 208 pp., $29.95

For the past half-century, however, contemporary analytic philosophy—which is to say, philosophy as practiced in most academic departments in the Anglo-Saxon world—has largely turned its back on this kind of investigation. It has, instead, been preoccupied with technical questions that are narrow in scope and of very little relevance to the way we live our lives on the most human level. This tendency to specialize forces us to question whether the tradition of philosophy can any longer speak to the great concerns of art, creativity, beauty, happiness, and the good life.

Academic philosophy's neglect of beauty and the passions it engenders troubles Alexander Nehamas, a distinguished professor of philosophy and comparative literature at Princeton. In this new book he argues that to philosophize about the question of beauty can lead to the beautiful having a life-enhancing, or even a life-transforming, effect upon us.

If we are to take beauty seriously, Nehamas argues, we have to admit that it is impossible to really understand it without also understanding love: "Beauty beckons as love impels." He advises us to read one of the most renowned passages in the Platonic corpus, Socrates' speech in the *Symposium*. He wants us to seriously entertain the question of whether this statement is merely a dramatic flight of fancy deployed to dazzle Socrates' companions and impress them with his rhetorical skill or is, in fact, a serious effort on the philosopher's part to expound a genuinely phenomenological account of the experience of beauty in the human soul. Such a philosophical consideration of a revelatory passage from ancient philosophy shows Nehamas's freedom from some of the prejudices prevalent in today's republic of letters.

In the *Symposium*, Socrates affirms that human life is worth living only in the contemplation of beauty. This astonishing assertion is much less well known than the proverb from the *Apology* that "the unexamined life is not worth living," but it conveys the centrality of beauty to Socrates' concept of the good or philosophical life. The two statements taken together give us a much more balanced view of the philosopher. Socrates and the school that he founded taught that beauty could gradually inspire a life of longing for goodness and truth.

How is this possible? One answer is that philosophy is the opposite of certainty and conventionality. It is radically free. For its part, the pursuit of beauty is intrinsically connected to unpredictability and risk. A life lived pursuing beauty may be dangerous to oneself and others and can result in the misery of Oscar Wilde's hero, Dorian Gray—or of Wilde himself, for that matter. Yet the hope that our lives will be better if we can make our beloved object or person a part of us lures us into beauty's dominion even as Dorian Gray exchanged his soul for the chance of eternal youth. This capacity of the lure of beauty to upend our lives, to disorient us, to make us "drop everything" and run off to Vegas, reminds

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us that a similar upheaval is involved in the "conversion" of the philosopher to the love of truth in Plato and of the individual to the love of God in the Christian tradition.

It is exposure to beauty's lure that can be the turning point in the attempt to resist the current of one's life as it has hitherto flowed. As Plotinus observes, all beautiful things produce "awe and a shock of delight, passionate . . . shudder of rapture," and it is unlikely that we can proceed with business as usual after this kind of experience.

Love and beauty, then, are Siamese twins. Our response to beauty is determined by who we are, and who we are is determined by our exposure and response to beauty. But how is this "cyclical" effect engendered? Love is beauty's attendant and constant companion, and it is love (of philosophy) which generates the turning-around of the soul towards the light in Plato and towards God in Christianity. And it is this power of love which transports us above the material, or "physical," level to what has, over the millennia, come to be called the "Platonic" level of attachment and devotion.

Socrates was not a handsome man, while his young companion and admirer Alcibiades was. But it is Alcibiades who confesses his love for Socrates and not the other way around. Socrates's famously ugly countenance conceals his inner beauty, and the handsome and dashing Alcibiades makes it plain that this is, indeed, what is pulling him towards the strange man in his remarkable panegyric to the philosopher at the end of the *Symposium*.

Nehamas devotes a whole chapter to Manet's *Olympia*, which he finds "overwhelmingly beautiful." The way he unfolds this statement is worth listening to:

> I am not just reporting how the painting makes me feel while I am looking at it. I am saying that I literally want to devote a part of my life to it—not just to look at it . . . but also to come to know it better, to understand it and see what it accomplished.

To make something truly one's own, at least for this philosopher, is not to possess it, as a collector does, but rather to come to know it utterly. To love something is to try to understand what makes it so beautiful and compelling to us that it has the power to take our lives in a new direction.

Corbis

'The Picture of Dorian Gray,' circa 1890

One can imagine falling in love with *Remembrance of Things Past* (another of Nehamas's favorite works of art). What might it mean if this, in fact, happened to me? Well, I might wish to learn more about the life of the author, Marcel Proust, and to follow in his footsteps around the boulevards of Paris. I might wish to study the Dreyfus Affair and its significance in French history and political life. I might become absorbed in the question of the *mœurs* of the *Belle Époque* in general, and with regard to homosexual practices in particular. In short, I want to devote part of my life to this work, to understand Proust as fully as I can by immersing myself in the record of his life, and to bring that life into comparative perspective with my own. I want to import some of the depth and breadth I feel distinguished Proust's existence into my own special circumstances insofar as humanly possible.

This is the true meaning of the "artistic experience," in the sense that it

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makes of me a "new man" and, as such, a resident of a "new world."

If we accept the power of beauty to transfix and transform us, what can explain the neglect of beauty in the contemporary intellectual world? Nehamas offers a brief but acute survey of some of the reasons for this. For one thing, "eros" has ceased to play the central role in modern philosophy or psychology that it once did in the thought of Plato and the ancients. And it is beauty's connection to "eros" that brings it under ancient philosophy's gaze.

A closely related problem has to do with the modern substitution of the "aesthetic" for the beautiful. The foundations of modern aesthetics were laid by Immanuel Kant in the third of his great *Critiques*, the *Critique of Judgment*. The sage of Königsberg famously taught that beauty is manifest only through disinterested contemplation of form in nature or art and not in a kind of erotic or "sexual" engagement with the object of one's appreciation.

Following Kant's lead, Arthur Schopenhauer went even further down the same strange philosophical path. For him, desire itself is unending torture because it can never be truly satisfied. The disinterested contemplation of beauty in art lifts us from the everyday suffering which this unsatisfied desire entails and liberates us from the disappointments and distracting details of ordinary life. Thus does the aesthetic experience become the antithesis or neutralization of "eros," or desire for the beautiful.

Could anything be further from Plato's celebration of desire than Schopenhauer's connection of the best life to its cessation?

Nehamas has done us the service of returning the question of beauty to the center of humanistic attention. *Only a Promise of Happiness* raises important questions about the relationship between knowing and loving. Nehamas argues that both art and life are impoverished when we ignore or deny the place of true beauty in both. The implication here is that, without beauty, there can be no love. We might add that without love there can be no knowledge. ♦

'Unexpected Wit'

It's not the action that makes action movies blockbusters. **BY JOHN PODHORETZ**

Why is *Transformers*, a movie based on a 23-year-old line of toys for 9-year-old boys that, in turn, became a cartoon series watchable only by undiscriminating 7-year-old boys, such a colossal box-office smash? Movies of this sort—which is to say, movies based on a marketing concept from another realm of pop culture—are certainly not fated for success. Cinematic adaptations of video games, which would probably be the closest analogy here, have almost all been financial disappointments or disasters. Movies based on Barbie dolls go straight to DVD.

Dreamworks

Optimus Prime, Autobot

Transformers
Directed by Michael Bay

Transformers took in $152 million at the box office in a week's time and will probably be the biggest hit of this year. And it's not because the special effects, which show cars and planes and cell phones turning into war-fighting robots, are awe-inspiring—although they are. Nor is it because the sequences in which 20-foot-tall robots reduce a city's business district to rubble are exciting—although they are.

John Podhoretz, columnist for the New York Post, *is* THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic.*

I think it's because of the Bangalore call center.

About half an hour into the movie, an American soldier under attack by alien robots in a town in Qatar (don't ask) commandeers a Qatari cell phone. As the battle screams around him, he screams into the phone: "I need to talk to the Pentagon right away!"

He pauses. "What do you *mean* I need a *credit card*?"

Whereupon we cut to a bored Indian guy sitting in a bland-looking office: "Sir, I don't think your attitude is going to help the situation," the Indian guy says as he picks his teeth. The GI has to run over to his colleague, who is firing a rocket launcher at the alien robots, and pick his rear pocket to find a credit card to place the call that will help save the earth. The Indian guy then asks the GI if he wants to hear about an exciting new offer from the cell phone company.

There are several other such moments in *Transformers*. The teenage hero (Shia LeBeouf) is arrested at one point and interrogated by a ridiculously tough cop with a '70s handlebar moustache who mistakes canine pain

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Dreamworks

Josh Duhamel as Captain Lennox

medication for the latest street amphetamine. The cop gets so loopy that the boy asks him, with genuine concern, "Are you on drugs?"

The nice Transformers follow the boy home because they need a pair of glasses once owned by his grandfather (again, don't ask). But because the Transformers are so big, they are clumsy and end up wrecking the flagstone path the boy's father has carefully laid from the house through the lawn.

"My bad," says the inadvertently destructive Transformer.

It's not the action in an action movie that can transform it from a conventional night at the multiplex into a cultural phenomenon—the kind of film that teenagers want to see four times. Audiences expect exciting action from their action pictures and therefore discount it a bit, the way one expects excellent service at an expensive restaurant. And it's not the plot, really. Does anybody remember what happens in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and why Indiana Jones meets up with his bitter ex-girlfriend in a bar in Nepal?

If plot were the reason people come to feel such affection for these action movies, then *Transformers* would have tanked. It's a whole lot of nonsense about an all-powerful Cube that's hiding inside Hoover Dam and an outer-space war between two races of robots—the Autobots and the Decepticons—that comes to earth. The bad guys need that pair of glasses to reawaken their leader, who unfortunately landed in the wrong spot on earth near the North Pole and froze solid. He's also a resident of Hoover Dam. Of course, the future of the planet ends up in the hands of that teenage boy and the hot chick from his high school, who wears a push-up bra to Armageddon.

The secret to mammoth success lies in how such a movie handles the moments that *aren't* action-packed, how it surprises its audience with unexpected wit. It's Indiana Jones facing down the raging Egyptian who spins and thrashes about with a terrifying saber—by impatiently pulling out a gun and shooting the knife-handler. It's Alan Rickman, the boss of the crew that takes an entire skyscraper hostage in *Die Hard*, making up fake terrorist names on the spot with a surprised smile on his face because he wants the cops to think his purpose is political rather than financial.

Transformers is solidly within this tradition, and it's a minor miracle that it was directed by Michael Bay, whose previous work (*Bad Boys*, *Pearl Harbor*) has provided the English-speaking peoples of our age with a dictionary definition of the term "ham-handed." The movie features some of Bay's patented bad-director techniques, like crosscutting so hyperactively during action sequences that you have absolutely no idea what is going on. But Bay evidently took a graduate-level course in the works of Steven Spielberg, the movie's executive producer, and learned enough from the Master to transform 1980s dross into new-millennium cinematic gold. ♦

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Parody

"The Beverly Hills hairstylist, a Democrat, said he hit it off with then-Sen. John Edwards of North Carolina at a meeting in Los Angeles that brought several fashion experts together to advise the candidate on his appearance. Since then, [Joseph] Torrenueva has cut Edwards's hair at least 16 times.

At first, the haircuts were free. But because Torrenueva often had to fly somewhere on the campaign trail to meet his client, he began charging $300 to $500 for each cut, plus the cost of airfare and hotels when he had to travel outside California.

Torrenueva said one haircut during the 2004 presidential race cost $1,250 because he traveled to Atlanta and lost two days of work." **—The Washington Post, *July 5***

John Edwards
$1,250

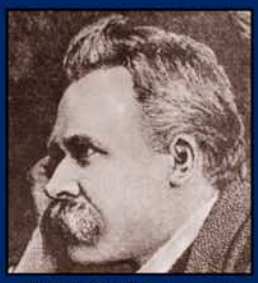
Don King
$22.50

Telly Savalas
$9.95

Louis XIV
$2,790

Jimmy Carter
$60

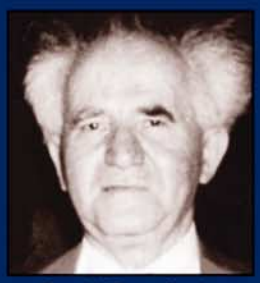
Phil Spector
$19.95



Friedrich Nietzsche
$175

Carl Levin
$500

Phil Everly
$120



David Ben-Gurion
$36

Billy Ray Cyrus
$0.50

Leon Trotsky, $750

Sir Rod Stewart, $37.50

Jesse Jackson
$4

George Stephanopoulos
$1,875

James Traficant
PRICELESS

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Phil Everly, Photo by Hulton Archive/Getty Images; Jesse Jackson,Bettman/Corbis; Billy Ray Cyrus, ssm/Photo by Rose Prouser REUTERS; Don King, pm/Photo by Jeff Christansen REUTERS; Jimmy Carter, Mirrorpix; Sen. Carl Levin, UPI Photo/Roger L. Wollenberg; Leon Trotsky, Photo by Hulton Archive/Getty Images; George Stephanopoulos, ZumaPhotos/Dan Herrick-KPA; Rep. James Traficant, UPI Photo/Chris Corder; Sir Rod Stewart, MirrorPix

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